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THE UNITARIAN ADVANCE

A MAGAZINE OF DEFINITE PROGRESS AND VIRILE OPTIMISM IN RELIGION

"Speak unto this people that they go forward"

SEPTEMBER 1910

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The Unitarian Advance

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THE world was never so rich as now; it had never before so much light; it had never so many voices of those who believe in "the eternal goodness." But it never felt before such mighty yearnings, such deep needs, such stirrings of sympathy. No! There was never such a call for a veritable religion, simple, interesting, practical, ethical, reasonable, spiritual, gladsome, commanding, democratic.

---CHARLES F. DOLE,

in The Coming Religion.

The Unitarian Advance

The Editorial Continuation of The Unitarian

VOLUME I SEPTEMBER, 1910 NUMBER 1

THE UNITARIAN ADVANCE is at once a continuation and a new beginning. It is all that *The Unitarian* was in purpose and ideal,—with the same editors and the same policies,—transferred, because of unfortunate circumstances set forth on page 35, to a new business management, and conducted as we trust in ways that will bring augmented satisfaction to our readers. The change of name is merely an incident involved in a necessary change of printers.

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YET we cannot but feel that the very fact of changed conditions will bring something new of spirit and zest into all that our enterprise stands for. Without changing our policies we may discover some very real enlargement of horizon and deepening of spiritual power. Certainly the new manifestation of loyalty and eager interest on the part of our friends,—in many cases very specific in outspoken zeal for the things with which we are believed to be identified—is of itself a rebaptism to the faith. "Volume One, Number one" of THE UNITARIAN ADVANCE shall surely mean *advance* indeed in an enterprise that is for the progress of us all.

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ONE of the most encouraging signs of the time is the new zeal and passion for practical efficiency which in being brought into the work of the Unitarian Sunday School Society under its new administration. Mr. Horton did a great work in his day in widening the influence and scope of this organization; and now a new leader is shaping its destinies with vigorous methods of administration and alert enterprise which are sure to bring results. Let no one mistake the tremendous importance of this work. In a certain sense, it may be made the most significantly important enterprise on our hands. Many of the old Sunday School traditions must go. Old standards of efficiency have become utterly obsolete. The keen courage of radically new ideals and methods is the great demand of the time in this problem of religious education; and no religious body in the land is so well equipped or so fortunately circumstanced in tradition and faith as our own to blaze the way of progress that shall be epoch-making. Likewise, there is the easy possibility, despite our ideals, and, alas, because of some of our traditions, that we may lag behind, rather than lead, in the way of genuine advance, through a latent Unitarian tendency to be conservative in everything except theology. But the vigor of Mr. Lawrance's initial grasp upon his problems leaves little to fear for that. The matter of religious education can properly be no mere side-issue in a fellowship of religion based on rational inquiry. It ought to be the most strenuously progressive issue with which we have to deal: and it must be dealt with in resolute seriousness. More money, more workers, more vital interest and co-operation from us all is the reasonable demand which the cause makes. We suspect that Mr. Lawrance will discover methods of making it seem worth while.

———o———

SOME people in New York and elsewhere—including some ministers—have banded together to combat the errors of Socialism,—amongst them being our own Mr. Slicer to whose graphic pen was entrusted the task of framing a statement of purpose which we publish elsewhere. This we believe is as is should be. The issues of social regeneration are pressing hard on all earnest thinkers of our time; and it is inevitable that all vigorous-minded clergymen should have incisive convictions regarding them. That all should not have the same conviction is inherent in human nature. But the cause of truth and final progress will be best forwarded when all men who have convictions hold them with sufficient earnestness to impel to faithful effort to bring others to

their point of view; and Unitarian clergymen are not normally laggard in this responsibility.

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OF course all the truth cannot lie with one side exclusively, though we are far from holding that the fundamental fact lies half way between the two. In this issue, undoubtedly much of the matter of controversy lies, as usual, in reciprocal misunderstandings of one another's dialects, and possibly even of one another's primal motive. The Anti-Socialist is vehement for the conservation of the precious content of individualism; but every true Socialist insists that Socialism is but a method for securing for the individual his largest and least fettered chance to be himself in utmost possibility of essential individuality. The Socialist urges for equal privileges for all in a social state organized for the blessing of the whole; which the anti-Socialist maintains can only be secured under conditions of complete individual integrity. "You cannot fundamentally change the nature of human society until you fundamentally change human nature," cries the anti-Socialist: "and with a perfected human nature any workable scheme of political and industrial organization will make good." "You cannot fundamentally change human nature until you give all human nature its full and fair chance for self-realization under social conditions that are equitable and just," answers the Socialist; "and it is the business of individual men who have attained their higher development of mind and conscience under unequal conditions to work together intelligently so to change the order of things that some brother-men shall not be forever shut off from equal possibility of self-development." But at any rate, the honest-minded men of either contention must insist that the issues involved be thoroughly dealt with in the spirit of free inquiry, and no voice of earnest outcry silenced, and no "cause of safety" be buttressed by the argument of expiring orthodoxy:—"It has always been so, and therefore God ordains it!"

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WE wish that so many of our progressively minded friends would not be so traditional in their use of the term "The Church." Strictly speaking there is no such thing as "The Church," from the modern point of view in the sense in which these men use it. There are indeed *churches*, which are the voluntary association of like-minded men and women in the fellowship of their nobler ideals: and a convenient generalization may group these all together in a common fellowship of endeavor. But such a generalization cannot properly be endowed with the qualities of personality, as having passions, principles, convictions, or prejudices in concrete form. "The Church," so considered, has no voice of authority either for wisdom or stupidity. It cannot be indicted for inconsistency: it is not capable of deliberate cowardice. It is simply—a generalization.

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FOR instance, nobody can honestly undertake to define the attitude of "The Unitarian Church" regarding divorce, the labor question, the social issue, or no-license, as though it were an entity of conscious opinions and prejudices domiciled in Beacon St. or Gramercy Park and issuing proclamations therefrom. There is nobody living competent to decide what the consensus of opinion amongst Unitarian people may be in any such issue; and if sometimes a futile "resolution-habit" may force a show of hands at some quasi-representative gathering of the denomination on some "burning issue," such action really has small value in defining the actual attitude of "The Unitarian Church." For there is no "Unitarian Church," in this sense; there are Unitarian churches because there are Unitarian people associated together to form these churches. The combined intelligence, virtue and progressiveness of these (granted that such things can be "combined") would simply be the average intelligence, virtue and progressiveness of the human nature thus assembled: and human nature is a very frail, inconsistent, blundering, though divinely-destined entity. The rashly foolish radical may find it an easy stunt of spectacular rhetoric to rail against "The Church," for "The Church" is a generalization inviting much generalization of human imperfections; just as sometimes the hyper-ecclesiast may use a specious trick of unction to over-idealize "The Church" with a spurious tone of authority, because it is a generalization inviting much generalization of human ideal. The wise man accepts the convenience

of a generalization when it is honestly convenient; and meanwhile does what he can in wholesome fellowship to make his own wisdom and strength of manhood count somewhere in some comradeship of the like-minded, for the general progress of mankind.

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WHY "THE UNITARIAN ADVANCE."

THE circumstances of "Business" (whose trail is over all things modern) have made expedient our change of name: let nobody imagine that behind the change lurks any disintegrating dynamite of revolution. We aim to lead in no "advance" which involves a party of separation. As heretofore, our enterprise is for *all of us, all together*. We are the organ of no restricted section, no segregated group, and no "peculiar idea." We are for the whole company of those who call themselves Unitarians in the glory of their togetherness.

But our method of "togetherness" is not that of the timid suppression of all things upon which all may not agree, nor the reduction of our common interest to the platitudes of things nobody objects to. Rather we hold to that courage of "togetherness" that takes it for granted that every loyal comrade is interested to know to the full the most eager and searching convictions of those of the company who have different view-points, and finds relish in the exchange of visions and ideals that are not stale—which means, are not the same as those heretofore accepted. We need not quarrel where we disagree, if only behind all disagreements there be the vigor of genuine good fellowship, and the essential passion for progress.

Pre-eminently, then, THE UNITARIAN ADVANCE will stand for the "Open Door" for ideas, with insistence only that all things published be serious, honest, pertinent, and constructively aimed for progress.

When one thinks of it, "Advance" is an inevitable synonym for that state of being which we call Unitarian. Static Unitarianism is a contradiction of terms. The informing quality of our gospel is *onward-moving*. We are a fellowship of religionists inherently interested not simply in the best thing that is, but the infinitely better thing that is forever arriving. So that in substance we have not so much changed our name as more consciously realized it. "*The Unitarian?*" Why yes: then of course we mean "THE UNITARIAN ADVANCE."

But we would not drift in the vagueness of this idea. In the year 1910 we believe that THE UNITARIAN ADVANCE may mean things definite and precise, and vitally different from what might have been meant a decade of so ago. For no keen-witted child of our faith can miss of the realization that the pressure of new demands, and new responsibilities and new opportunities is urgent upon our body, as never before, to *make good* with a gospel of tremendous dynamic. Unitarianism must miserably fail unless it gloriously achieves—within the next few years. We are nothing if we stand still: we are God's own army of victorious conquest if we move forward: and the burden is ours to trumpet for the advance.

First. "A Unitarian Advance" in theology. Of course. That is the unremitting mission of our cause: forward-movement in the knowledge and comprehension of things spiritual. We vehemently insist that the present time needs, not less, but more theology; which means that we need a larger content, a more rational insight, a more robust grasp of conviction, for the ideals of life that relate us to things not transitory but enduring. It is a pity that so many liberals imagine "advance" in religious thought to imply advance toward negation and the attenuation of faith. THE UNITARIAN ADVANCE cannot stand for that. It stands for more courage in constructive and amplifying faith, a ridding of ourselves indeed, of the embarrassments of mere traditionalism and inherited prepossessions; increasing insistence on utter honesty, sincerity and clarity of utterance and thought; daring new enterprises of faith and new ventures of the spirit in the face of old-time formularies and to the distress sometimes of old-time reverences, but insistence above all things that faith *build up* in terms of genuineness and vital experience, and that the last word of science and philosophy and social ideal be constructively used to make the dynamic of conscience and aspiration better worth for the growing attainment of humanity. THE UNITARIAN ADVANCE is at war with all spiritual inertia, apathy, and timid traditionalism that may keep our churches from

holding their natural heritage of progress; it strenuously maintains that *all of us, together* are destined for *leadership*, not the tame role of the "Critical Opposition" in the world's virtual Parliament of Spiritual Advance; and we are impatient before any postponement of our inherent destiny.

Second. "The Unitarian Advance," (we speak not of this periodical but of the vital fact of denominational progress for which we seek to be a modest, but not self-effacing exponent) involves a spirit of forward-movement in that urgent concern of the brotherhood of man involved in the problem of social readjustment. We do not propose to make that issue a "one-idea fanaticism:" it must hold its place amongst other interests. But no thoughtful man can fail to recognize that that problem perhaps more than any other, must engage the attention of the churches in the immediate present; and our denomination, above all others cannot evade the issue, nor shirk the responsibilities involved. Many eager-souled men in the Unitarian ministery are taking positions that seem violently extreme in this matter, and the editorial board of THE UNITARIAN ADVANCE does not lack representation of that point of view. But fundamentally the Unitarian position is that of the open mind and the emphasized burden of individual responsibility. At any rate we must insist that an issue like this receive vigorous attention; that no earnest voice of prophecy be stifled; that no mere habit of the past stand as law inexorable before the pressure of newer impulse; that justice and righteousness be held as ideals of progress in human brotherhood; and that a new time inevitably find new increments of stern exaction for man's warfare against entrenched wrong and mistake. We shall hold no brief for any specific method of social reform; we shall insist on a fair hearing for every side that is seriously in earnest, where such issues are considered at all; but above all things we shall insist that it is the business of the churches to take cognizance of these things, and that a Unitarian Advance with the stress of these things left out would be a dismal travesty of betrayal of an essential factor in God's truth.

Third. "The Unitarian Advance" involves an ever-greatening concern for the methods of constructive efficiency in achievment. Unitarianism is no longer a mere "drift of optimism." It is a sturdy enlistment for accomplishing ends. It is organized push for progress. It demands increasing eagerness that the methods of its workmanship be efficient, that its machinery of activity be up to date, and the best that can be had; that its program of endeavor become more and more pointedly practical and definite for progress; and that its workers in the field be possessed with a larger vision of gospel-responsibility. We do not believe that much time should be wasted in mere machinery-tinkering. But, on the other hand, we do believe that more open-mindedness as regards the possibility of "later improvements" and more modern methods may not be unwholesome for us all. We believe that the worst hurt that could come upon us (next to supine indifference as to whatever happens) would be any increase of the spirit of captious criticism and snarling suspiciousness toward those having the direction of denomnational affairs in charge. But, on the other hand, we believe that these faithful leaders will welcome gladly any growth in our midst of a diffused and democratic co-operativeness that shall bring more frequently from the ranks the friendliness of new suggestion and the valor of constructive criticism. The denomination is to be congratulated on the steadfast courage of the officers of the A. U. A. for instance, in the experimentation of new fields of activity, and measures of denominational influence. All experimentation involves risk of failure; but, on the whole, the spirit of those in control of things is generous toward those who urge for progressive measures. A veritable Unitarian Advance makes such a spirit inevitable, and we shall consider it a part of our function to help such tendencies on, in utter confidence that good fellowship is at its best when it dares assume that criticism is friendly so long as its motive is constructive, and that a comrade who "thinks differently" is a comrade to cherish so long as his aim is in very fact, a service of comradeship.

For the rest, the "Unitarian Advance" must not always be the way of strenuous innovation or assertive reform, but often the quiet way of spiritual growth in the modest places of personal experience and aspiration. The genial factor of spiritual culture and

religious inspiration must always be, after all, the larger responsibility of the worker for the church of God; and in the conduct of this periodical we trust that no reader will ever have cause to feel that this vision is obscured. G. H. B.

ODE TO THEODORE PARKER

BY

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

(*Minister of the Church of the Messiah, New York*).

I

O THOU great friend to all the sons of men,
Thou strong and stalwart soldier of the Lord,
Who, in the hour of compromise with sin,
Came not with peace but with a flaming sword,
Brave was thy heart, thy matchless paladin,
When thou didst speak the challenge of thy word,
And onward 'gainst the hosts of Satan trod,
From crest to heel, full panoplied of God.

II

Thine was the love of battle for the right,
Thine the hot passion of heroic strife
'Gainst all the monstrous ills of human life.
No sin so great, but thou defied its might;
No proud injustice, but thou gave it fight;
No dragon's brood, of hideous affright,
Crawled from the pit of hell, with poison rife,
But thy great sword, ablaze with heavenly light,
Arose to smite them back into the night.

III

Where'er the fight was fiercest, there arose
Thy voice of thunder, challenging the foes;
Where'er the hosts of darkness thickest pressed
There was beheld the nodding of thy crest;
Where'er men languished in the bonds of creed,
Were bought and sold by worldly pride and greed,
Stumbled in darkness, labored in despair,
Gazed on the stars with blank and empty stare,
There was thy banner to the breeze unfurled,
A sign to men of rescue from their woes.
Out from a spotless soul, thy wrathful blows
'Gainst powers and principalities were hurled,
'Gainst rulers of the darkness of the world,
'Gainst awful tyrannies of lust and hate
Enthroned secure in market, church and state,
'Gainst all who banished hopes and darkened fears,
'Gainst all who stained the earth with blood and tears,
'Gainst all who bound the chain and held the rod,
Thou raised aloft the blameless sword of God.

IV

Thou wast the friend of all who suffered wrong,
Thou the defender of the poor and weak

Against the ruthless ravage of the strong;
Thou wast the mouth of lips that could not speak,
Thy voice to fainting souls a trumpet-song
Of cheer and courage, lest the way be long
Through deserts bare and over mountains bleak;
Thou wast the eyes of those, in darkness blind,
Who stumbled vainly as they groped to find
The paths of freedom for enslaved mankind.
A million struggling hearts, within they heart
Throbbed to the rhythm of its surging flood;
A million hopeless souls, of every blood,
In the outpourings of thy prayers had part.
The poor, th' enslaved, th' oppressed of every race
Looked to the radiance of thy shining face,
And saw therein the glory of God's grace!

V

Alas! that thy great day so soon was sped,
That thou so early, stricken in the strife,
Laid on the altar of man's need thy life!
And yet, beloved of God, thou art not dead—
Thy brave immortal spirit hath but fled
To mightier tasks of love, and now doth tread
With tireless feet a broader battlefield,
Where thou mayest still fight on and never yield!
'Tis long since men beheld thy gleaming brand
Flash like the lightening in thy lifted hand,
Long since the winds bore through the waiting land
The might thunder of thy prophecies—
But still, O man of God, thou livest on,
Where noble deeds by noble souls are done,
And battles for the oppressed fought and won.
The years may come and go, the centuries
Pass like the shadows of departed ghosts,
Aeon may roll to aeon, till the boasts
Of all the ages of man's pride are gone,
Princes and kings may have their little day,
And then with grasses of the fields decay.
The swords in which great captains put their trust
May be devoured by the moth and rust.
Nations may pass and peoples melt away,
Ashes may turn to ashes, dust to dust,
Humanity in one great death expire,
The earth, like ancient Nineveh and Tyre,
Be but the blackness of a burnt-out fire.
But still, O prophet, thou shalt have no fear,
With dying worlds thou canst not disappear!
Ahab is dead, but gaunt Elijah lives.
Lorenzo perishes, but the Fra survives,
Pilate is gone, and Caiaphas a name
For the vain trumpetings of empty fame.
But the good Nazarene still walks with men
And tells them of the Father once again.
And thou, like these, baptized of the Lord,

Called to thy mission by the heavenly word,
Shalt still live on, as ages come and go,
To lead thy brethern forth from want and woe.

WHY DO THE HEATHEN RAGE?

BY REV. FREDERIC R. GRIFFIN

Minister of the Church of the Messiah, Montreal, Canada.

THAT great assembly of people, conviently lumped together and called the heathen has always possessed for me a peculiar fascination and I have never ceased to regret that the Psalmists who frequently asked, "Why do the heathen rage?", left us no satisfactory answer. They tell us that "the heathen raged" and "kingdoms were moved" which is an interesting and a noteworthy consequence of the agitation and effervescence of their spirits. But they do not tell us the cause of that excitement among the heathen which has been the theme of sacred songs—the admonitions of preachers and the subject of historical records. The prophets added their testimony concerning this chronic turbulence of the heathen; but they threw no light upon its origin.

Now it may be just this element of mystery which constitutes the charm. We are simply told that this nondescript assembly of people, from generation to generation, do rage. So that to-day, two or three thousand years later, we are almost powerless to think of the noun, heathen, apart from the verb, to rage. I am not aware that theologians who have attempted to solve hundreds of intricate problems have ever given an adequate answer to this ancient question of the Psalmists: "Why do the heathen rage?" It remains a kind of biblical Sphinx, ever propounding its riddle but never throwing any light upon its meaning.

Who are the heathen? The dictionary is content to describe them by two phrases: "Irreligious people and dwellers in the country." There was a time when these two descriptive phrases were mutually harmonious; the one as essential as the other. Religion like schools, museums and market places was an urban institution. To live in the country was thus almost synonymous with irreligion. Only city folks could be religious because religion meant going to the temple, making sacrifice at consecrated altars and offering long prayers in the sight of a host of fellow worshippers. Now the heathen may have raged because they were deprived of the opportunity to be religious and they may have raged because they were dwellers in the country.

At this season of the year, we are inclined to the latter alternative and to agree that all this turbulence of spirit, this wild agitation which shocked the subdued and proper city people was the natural result of the joy and gladness—this intoxicating gladness, this rage of gladness of living in the country. It may not be theological and it may offend those who have delighted to think of their superiority to the heathen—to answer the Psalmist's question by saying that the heathen raged because of their happiness of heart over the free, beauty-ladened, spontaneous life of the country. We almost think that we could move kingdoms if we could shake from our feet the dust of city streets and cut loose from the conventional life which seems to be as much a part of the city as brick walk and telephones and electric cars. The call of the wild echoes in our hearts and we are inclined to rage also—when we think of wooded hills and green meadows and the voices of nature; symphony which has no parallel in all the creative expressions of human genius. To us, irreligious and rural life instead of being mutually harmonious are mutually repellant. We even believe that we could worship with freer hearts and praise God with greater exultation of spirit; that we could pray with renewed spontaniety and do the things we ought to do—out in the uncorrupted life of the country than in the jaded life of the city. We can fully understand why the heathen raged. We need not argue the relative merits of city and country life. Necessity imposes

the habitation of all but the few, and out of necessity we develop habits and from habits we are led to justify our interests. Most people who have tasted city life, believe that it is essential ever afterward to their happiness. I could not contemplate continuous rural life with any degree of composure and yet even the most thoroughly inoculated demand at least some glimpse of the world apart from the city. The human mind possesses an inherent love for the perfect. It yearns to behold something which is without flaw or stain and the city furnishes few objects graced by the beauty of holiness. Nothing is complete, nothing partakes of the infinite wholeness. Hence our feelings are cramped and unsatisfied. There is not room enough. How else can we interpret the exultation and the rejoicing of soul which comes when we feed our eyes upon the glory of the skies? Why do thousands of city people climb steep paths or ride over uninteresting roads to spend on hour upon our glorified mountains rather than promenade the level thoroughfares below? There is a pathological significance in the redemption of our spirits in the walks and rides upon the mountains: the looking upon things which are perfect. so perfect that we may say after Tennyson, "If I could understand what thou art, I could understand what God and man is." This beholding of things fully expressive of the hidden life is what the apothecary calls a household remedy. It satisfies so that for once we lose all desire to find fault or to wish for something different.

A flower is called a perfect gift not because it represents a great expenditure of money and not because its colors cannot be matched in dress goods or book bindings. It is a perfect gift because it is out of the heart of things perfect. It possesses the beauty of holiness and that ministers universally to man. We desire trees by the side of our city streets; we want parks and public gardens and if possible some glimpses of the horizon from our windows and free room to look at the skies, to overcome in some degree the partialness and fragmentariness of our imperfect environment. Remembering this, how natural it must ever be, for a dweller in the country amidst an endless array of perfect things, to rage or do the heathen.

There are two groups of men who above all others rage most about nature and the country and these two are the poets and the philosophers. In fact we hardly know what it means to own the Complete Poems of any bard without a section of songs of nature, while the picture which we form of the philosopher is always set in a background of trees and solitude. Walden seems to us to have been essential to Thoreau and we count it fitting that Emerson moved from the limitations of Boston to the ununfettered freedom of quiet Concord.

This preference of the poets and the philosophers for country life has a significance apart from all superficial considerations. The love of solitude, the highly developed sense of the beautiful, the need of freedom for uninterrupted work and the inspiration which comes from abiding amidst things which are whole and therefore perfect has part in alluring the prophet of religion and the interpreter of truth, the poet and the philosopher, into the country. Yet this is not all. There is that in the city which drives out the man of visions. The high walls of factories, halls and dwellings are the least of the contrasting influences of the city. Something in its life conspires to contract the mind and even the soul. Its dull conformity, the premium which it places upon an entire lack of originality, its abhorrence of the element of surprise and its insistence upon custom and conventionality turn the city into a center of irritation to the man whose soul is fed upon the contemplation of the perfect. The force of this objection will be more apparent if we recall the positive tyranny of the city in its demand that above all else men and women should be proper. Propriety is more highly valued than conviction and than virtue. A woman—born and bred in the city (Boston) once said in commendation of her minister that he never disappointed his people—he always said just what they expected him to say. It is expensive to be on the wrong side in religion as in politics and one must observe with strenuous scrupulosity the prevailing sentiments and the social conventionalities of his urban life—if he would be a member of the assembly of conformists.

I am heretical enough to believe that the heathen are not of necessity irreligious,

and that dwellers in the country are not less devoted to the things of the spirit and the demands of the moral life than their city brethren. In fact, it is in the institution of religion that the "conspiracy of society" is most keenly felt and it is the prophet who cries out with greatest zeal for the free air and fresh, spontaneous life of nature. He it is who feels the limitations of ceremonial holiness and who beholds the gradual atrophying of all his genius in the stilted and stereotyped atmosphere of the city.

This may be the tithe which we are obliged to pay to organization, but whatever the cause, it is more than obvious, it is obstrusive, this propriety of urban religion, from which churches at times succumb as to a malignant disease. "Let all things be done in order" is the celestial mandate and the forms of worship are brought down to the strictest conformity with the traditions of ceremony, while all themes are presented and discussed with punctilious orthodoxy. This is the tendency, and the result is to degrade religion to a matter of forms and customs. "Christianity is enthusiasm." Our organized Christianity of to-day especially in the cities rarely measures up to this definition. It sacrifices its divine fire upon the altar of propriety. It is pre-eminently respectable and is seldom guilty of raging like the heathen. A churchman glows with elation at what he understands is a weakening of the position of Higher Criticism. Higher Criticism endangers the traditional dogmas but what is this much abused Higher Criticism from which some people flee as from the devil? It is merely scholarship, history and truth applied to the interpretation of the scriptures. The scriptures and the dogmas which are supposed to rest upon them must be poor stuff if they can be harmed by scholarship, history and truth. The vulnerable point is the established order; the conventional and traditional order which has been.

There is the problem of social justice which is the securing and the safeguarding of the opportunity for every man to live a true, normal and healthy life apart from the brutality and lust of social malefactors. But the church manifests only a small degree of eagerness to assume responsibility for this task, claiming that it is outside of the work of religion. In point of fact we must see that it is offensive because it conflicts with the established order. For the time being it threatens to rob the church of its coveted propriety. Let it not be supposed that I am out of sympathy with good manners in worship, or refinement and orderliness, or the virtue of continuity in church life. These things have their value but it still remains that the tendency in urban religion is to crush out the rage of the heathen. Originality, spontaniety and freshness are as sins against the virtue of conformity. How else are we to understand the common sentiment that to be religious means to go to church on Sundays and to subscribe to foreign missions. I dare not estimate the number of those who fail to see any vital relation between the religion of the sanctuary and the conduct of business or the affairs of domestic life. Perhaps the church is at fault in holding up to the eyes of men, as a supreme obligation, the duty of maintaining things as they are and of worshipping an organization, a polity, a liturgy or a creed as if any one of these things was particularly vital.

The cure for this condition must be found in country life, but since we cannot transplant, bodily, our churches to the heart of the wood then must we bring into our faith and into our activities some of the freshness of the free, unconventional and spontaneous perfectness of nature. Just as the city has its trees, its parks and its open areas where one can feed his eyes upon the sky so our religion must be re-vitalized, continually, by new truth, new endeavors and originality of thought and expression. In a word we need to rage like the heathen. Christianity is not the tithing of mint, cummin and anise but a great enthusiasm. It is an awakening of all the inner faculties and powers; a tremendous soul-searching and heart-searching enthusiasm to accomplish things.

We shall further this desirable end if we cultivate the habit of admiring men for their sincerity, and we call men spiritual who reveal in their conduct the fruits of the spirit which are love, joy, peace, meekness, temperance, and if we call him religious who—whether he worships in the church or out of it—loves his neighbor, cares for the orphan and keeps himself unspotted from the world.

The call of nature echoes in our hearts in response to our craving for things perfect in their holiness and we would answer this call because we are fatigued by the partialness and dullness of our routine manner of living and thinking. We tire of propriety and crave sincerity and yet the sincerity of nature is never more medicinal to our spirits than the sincerity of a free, spontaneous human enthusiasm. Then it may be that the city is not to blame for our jaded feelings; rather we grow tired of ourselves and are iritated by our apparent powerlessness to rise above the tyranny of much which is manifestly unreal and superficial in urban custom.

It will not then be a far call, as a post-vacation challenge—if we rage like the heathen: going out with a determination to enthusiastically live the religious life: to do the things which we know are right and say the word which we know is true. It is too expensive to have neighbors if we must say what they expect and do what they consider is proper. So in the church, traditions and creeds, liturgies and customs are too expensive if they stand between us and free prayer, free songs of the soul and clear spoken repetition of the messages from the God-whisperings within.

I do not wish for the imputed irreligion of the heathen but I have considerable respect for their rage. It is just the one thing our religion—and especially our liberal religion most needs—enthusiasm; seeing great things to do and urgent truths to be spoken and then going ahead, believing that God will reveal to us the worthy manners of action and speech when we have set our hearts upon worthy achievement.

The Psalmist said: "The heathen rage and kingdoms are moved." Here is a bit of history which is prophecy also. Zeal, passion, sincerity—these are indispensable to the transforming of the city into the kingdom of God.

A LITTLE SOCIAL CREED

I believe in individual responsibility.

I believe individual integrity will make impossible individual affluence, or surplus of wealth.

I believe the ills of the commercial world would disappear if every individual recognised his responsibility to give *every man* "the square deal."

I believe the whole human creation is bound together by inseparable ties, and that the well-being of the whole depends on the recognition of this fact by the individual.

I believe in the integrity of human nature, and in the dignity of all work.

I believe in the Divine Spirit in the soul of man, struggling to find expression in the human, through every high emotion, every generous impulse, every wise thought, every unselfish deed, every conquered passion.

I believe the day will come when men will live by the principle of the Golden Rule as naturally as they now live by the warmth and light of the golden sunshine, and all men shall know themselves to be children of one family: sons and daughters of the Most High God. A. MacArthur.

Montreal, *June 17th*, 1910.

MIDDLE STATES AND CANADA CONFERENCE NOTES

THE annual meeting of the Unitarian Conference of the Midlde States and Canada will be held with the Church in Germantown, Pa., November 8-10. One session will be devoted to the interests of the National Alliance; and one to the interests of Sunday School work, the latter to be in charge of Rev. William I. Lawrance, President of the Unitarian Sunday School Society.

REV. SAMUEL R. CALTHROP for so many years the pastor of the church in Syracuse, N. Y., has resigned the active pastorate of that church, though he will still remain as Pastor *Emeritus*. Rev. John H. Applebee of Attleboro, Mass., has accepted a call to its active pastorate, to begin January 1st. Mr. Applebee, who is a graduate of the Meadville School, began his active ministry within the borders of the Conference, being the first pastor of the Park Side Church in Buffalo. We are heartily glad to welcome him back again to the work of the Middle States. He is a man of our spirit: resolute, wide-awake, eager for service, and with a most winsome personality.

THE PROPHET COMING

BY FRANK C. DOAN, PH. D.

Of the Meadville Theological School

I

THE flaming fact in all religious experience, the supremest event in the history of every people as yet under the sun, is the incarnation of God in a man. Underlying and supporting all men's compounded theories of God is at first and at last just this simple experience of a cosmic power in themselves making for manhood. The Eternal, a cosmic Man.

It is a true, a holy experience, this; true of all men's deepest communion with the unseen; holy at all times, in all climes of men. So even today as of old God is incarnate in you and in me. Without you and me, if you will but look clear-eyed into the matter, you will see that God is not incarnate,—nay, in a very real and serious sense is not at all. You and I are visibly men; but invisibly God. An infinite, eternal Man growing ever to a fuller stature of invisible humanity in all our human life, his soul now weltering, now mounting through the souls of all men, is God. God indeed! transcending all physical infinitude, mysteriously more than infinite, Great Soul, Supreme Character, incomparably full of an endless succession of humanities, quivering in a boundless generation of men and gods like you and me, overflowing with ten thousand eternities, absolute, unconquerable, alive, humane, God indeed!

Lord, how marvellous are thy human ways. All our human lives, all our human race, all our human history is but the drama, the living, eternal drama of thy great struggling passions for humanity; a drama with all the joy and sorrow, all the romance and tragedy of real life in it; thy God-life actually living in all the conditions that surround us human kind; thy God-soul fighting in all our battles, thy spirit slain in all our defeats, victorious in our triumph, bowed down in our disgrace, dishonored in our crimes, wearied in our human ways; thy longing satisfied in the kiss of a little child; thy steady soul pained in the impatience and lovelessness of grown men; thy heart broken in our faithless friendships; thy great honorable mind debased by our narrownesses and bigotries; thy life played upon infinitely by the motions of our human spirits.

This it is to experience God; this humanity's oneness with God. Are the souls of men in any period of human history or in any place of human life dead, dull, dreary, visionless? In that time and place the soul of God is dull, dreary, delayed in its great on-rushing humanity. Are the souls of men in some great crisis free, uplifted, stupendous, gigantic, righteous in vision and in action? Then the soul of God is free, furthered, fulfilled in its own vast passion for a more abundant humanity. The world-soul does affirm the human. In all his history, in all his passions, in all his aspirations God identifies man; that is the everlasting human experience, the undeniable vision of the Eternal.

In the interest of this experience one makes no defence; can make no defence. It is for him who has it an ultimate, vital finality; all reality is and remains in his soul an enduring, living "terrible God-fact," a reality and experience so imperative in him who has it that uncertainty, doubt, is laughable, meaningless, thoughtless, blasphemous; an experience and reality so intimate and personal that it can hardly,—alas, how hardly,—be bestowed upon him who has it not. To him who hath this invisible humanity of God shall be given of reality more and more abundantly. From him who hath it not shall be taken even that which he hath. A man cannot partake moderately of God; cannot be partial in the divine presence; cannot be temperate in the divine fire. Either you do see God or you do not. Either he does possess you, body and soul, or he does not. Let your soul receive less than than the very all of God, less than the very all of God's manliness, less than the very all of God's godliness,—less than this and the man you then are does fall thus far short of the Man God is. The experience I here report of the Eternal and which, as I see it, requires prophetic fire to consecrate and

establish it in the hearts of all men, must somehow penetrate and transfigure your soul wholly; must somehow transform the life and feeling and reason of any man who would vouch for God before men.

II

And so, I expect a prophet to appear in our modern world, a divine man; one who is conscious of his divinity, who shall know himself to be thus one with God, who shall know his own divine manhood to be in full measure the invisible manhood of God; a man whose blessed right it shall be to express with infinite precision and simple calculation the presence and human intentions of God just here and just now in the life of humanity. I believe it was Laplace who said that the next step in the material universe's life might be precisely indicated by a monstrous Calculator so devised as to gather up into itself all the physical energies of the world in their present intensities and directions. I like to believe that the human heart of a supremely great man is just such a Calculator; that a great prophet-soul, should he appear among men, would gather up into his infinitely sensitive being all the great powers of humanity in their present intensities and directions, all the great energies of the world-soul in its massive, invisibly human purposes. Such would be in truth a prophet-soul, a divine man predicting, grasping and controlling human powers, determining the next step in human history, realizing in his own person all the power and harmony in the Eternal Man, the everlasting Person, God. Such a divine man would be in very practical truth a prophet to our modern life, a predicter and controller of God's destinies on earth.

III

It is the first vocation of the prophet, as I see him, to fulfill the spirit of God in his own human person, in his own inner manhood; to become in his own soul all that the living God is seeking to be in this human life; to realize in immediate, terrible experience a oneness of his human life with the eternal life; to place his will in the stream of God's own infinitely on-rushing will-to-be; to feel himself within the insufferable humanity of God, to feel within himself the eternally unfulfilled longing, that outreaching of soul toward a perfected humanity which in all human ages has throbbed through the heart of the Eternal; to see all things and all men in the fearful light of God's immediate presence and concern in human life; to visualize all men as all gods; to rebuke them whenever and wherever they fall short of that mastered manhood which is, yes, God's sole mark of divinity; to praise, even to worship men in the hours when they catch though never so fleeting a sense of the infinite thing they are in the sight of God, the infinite part they must play in the life of God. It is the vocation of the prophet to stand thus sponsor for God before men, to kill his own self upon the high altar there; to destroy his own soul that so he may become in all humility yet in very solemn truth a revelation of the Eternal in the lives of time-ridden men,—a faithful impersonation, a perfect incarnation of all the infinite powers and increasing purposes in the universal life. The prophet, as history computes such men, must most literally be in his own person all that his prophetic vision sees in God.

IV

They will tell you that this identification of God in man is an obsolete superstition. Even Carlyle of all men: "The Hero is not now regarded as a God among his fellowmen; but as one God-inspired, as a prophet. . . . In the history of the world there will not again be any man, never so great, whom his fellowmen will take for a God. . . . The Great Man is not recognized henceforth as a God any more."

True enough, alas! And the same decay of divine imagination—or disease of human superstition, if you prefer—which Carlyle remarked in the society of men seventy years ago has kept on gnawing away at the souls of men until today human beings—or should one even call them human?—are on all sides so corrupted that they can see God abiding in no human form and in no human sense whatsoever.

It is a sad state of society, and must by some means be altered. For on the broad ground of the experience of the race the Ancient of Days is most readily known as a human relation; nay, he is known truly, fully, genuinely in no other way. "I and the Father are one;" not the Nazarene alone,

every staunch man in the deepest, deepest soul of him is divine. The invisible divinity of all men, the invisible yet ready-present humanity of all God,—rob humanity of this sense of the Eternal, this consciousness of a great human Companion and you bereave humanity of its own soul, you defeat every religious instinct and passion of every naural, living man on this earth.

No living, tender man ever did believe in God save as the Great Physician, the true Friend, the Constant Comrade of his inner life. When you say that God exceeds the human life you speak an obvious thing, nothing very central or essential in the religious experience. The Eternal Stature does tower mightily and ominously over the human: behold the stars he grasps in his terrible embrace! But some day, my friend, you will see the God of the prophet's vision nearer than the stars, mightier than the heavens above. Some day of sorrow, or disaster, or disgrace, or defeat, you will feel the coming of his great understanding, humane spirit. And, behold, a great Prseence of infinite tenderness, benignity, courage, resolution—the real presence of God. God, not hopelessly beyond-human, not arbitrarily leading our human life out upon an endless, trackless waste of brutally unknown and uncared-for being in search of the Eternal; but bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, soul of our soul; nearer than hands and feet, closer to us than breathing,—a God, yea, suspiring in that great sobbing breath of our human frames; God all present, God all human!

This is what it is to experience God. Such experience ever verifies your faithful inferences of God. Profess the Eternal as thus immediately present in your human life, and your whole soul from center to circumference will confirm the God of your lips. You, living and tender man that you are, may experience an inseparable oneness with the Eternal. It is a solemn hour, that in which you are not any longer arguing and dogmatizing your life away about God, but living it away in God; a solemn hour when your soul is not flitting along the unknowable margin of the universe's on-flowing life, but plunging actually into the deeper currents of that unconquerable soul of the world. In this life with the Eternal, I cannot say it too often nor too simply! you are not figuratively but most literally one with God. Your ways are his ways, your thoughts his thoughts, your problems his, your purposes his, your sorrows his, your disgraces his, your victories his, your joys his, his! All your human impulses, longings, movements of spirit, most literally and significantly one with the motives and intentions of the living God! I believe that each one of us, would we only kill the beast in us, would we only become in our entire persons the triumphant, the cleansed, the infinite Man we literally are in our inmost souls; each one of us, would we only sink our measurable finite soul, in this overmastering, overbrooding experience and vision of the infinite, immeasurable Godman each of us plainly is; each one of us might realize in himself the prophet-soul, might feel pouring into his own person the very all of God; the very all of God's manliness, the very all of God's godliness, the very all of God's power in righteousness, the very all of God's wisdom in justice, the very all of God's love in humanity, the very all of God's invisible spirit of freedom, the very all of God's eternal character. Even so our spirits like the Eternal's would press straightway and unimpeded through the barriers of all sensuous being onto the heights of an enduring and mastered Manhood.

V

Oh! I am thinking that our present time wants just such a prophet-man. A man who by his surpassing manhood shall credit us all in the life of God; a man who by killing before us all his beastly self shall impersonate the Eternal on this earth and in this present human society; a man who by the consummate sensitiveness of his own prophet-soul shall tell us where the spirit of our Great Comrade *is* in these unsettled days, where the eternal life is chiefly centered and concerned in this modern turbulent life; a man who by the mysterious attractiveness of his own divinized soul shall test us all in the light of God, shall draw us all up to be measured in the Eternal; a man who shall make us hide our faces because of the shameful stupidities and blindnesses of our present social order; a man through whom and in whom we shall all see God. And, seeing this "terrible God-fact" we shall, every man of us, without hesitation, without argument, without shame, without

fear go about the great immediate business of the Almighty in this world.

This prophet, you see, must be a man of decision. He comes at a time which requires decisiveness of insight and action; at a time when men have well-nigh exhausted all their resources of theoretical and practical reason in their endeavors after righteousness; at a time when there is great inertia in the souls of the world's scribes and scholars, great confusion and hopelessness meanwhile in the souls of all true lovers of men, great uneasiness and humane indecision of spirit among the crowds, the plain builders of society. Do not our library shelves fairly groan with the weight of heavy, remote volumes, each solemnly settling human affairs this way or that? And yet do not these pondrous opinions and conjectures, these theoretical life-preservers hang like mill-stones about the necks of the very people they were designed to keep afloat upon life's troubled sea? Are not even our most idealistic utterances and performances wanting in the wisdom of simplicity and directness, the fire of prophetic insight? Our present essays in justice, and righteousness and all that is human,—are they not complicated, argumentative, utilitarian, rather than simple, persuasive and visionary in their handling of our human affairs? Meanwhile does not corruption cover the land as the waters the sea? Do not living men perish in their evil ways? Are not the great builders of society defeated day and night by the childish caution and ponderous faithlessness of the school-man's logic, the economist's theories? Do not men even out of the humane fullness of their hearts yet resort to remedial measures when the thing required is a great, new, fresh experiment in humanity, a vast, hopefully and completely reconstructed society?

VI

The coming prophet will simplify and sanify all our measures of human brotherhood, will order all our clamorous protests against human ills. Then, prophet that he is, he shall require of us men that we fulfill this simplified and sanified word of God to the very last letter of it. Then if the powers of this world, the beasts within human souls here and there, seek to defeat that plain, visionary Word, seek to prevent that sweet and reasonable Kingdom of Righteousness just here on this homely old earth of ours, and in these homely old lives of ours, his prophetic soul will cry out in mighty and terrible protest; by his soul-power and single-handed, if need be, he will in the name of God slay the beasts in these men. When he prays it will always be that evil may be destroyed in the earth and the soul of every man restored in the life of God; but, should the patience and hopefulness of his great father-spirit be defeated, should the eternal love fail in the end to move the heart of the world's evil men here and there, should his great prophet-soul some great day behold the faces of the heavenly hosts "red with the wrath of God" and their invisible forces of righteousness like flaming swords set to destroy the powers of world-darkness —he prays for you and me that we may not be found fighting against God. This he prays not for our sakes alone, not for his own sake, but for God's sake.

VII

For years—God alone knows how long—men have been all unconsciously waiting for this prophetic spirit to appear and once more dominate their common life. All this human world has become gradually breathless and expectant; all lines of philosophy in the last century have steadily converged toward a point of prophecy; all human institutions have solidified and wait the destroying fire of a prophetic soul and the rebuilding force of a vivid prophetic idea; all the free souls among men have lately launched out into the great open in search of the divine Man, the Over-man, the Good Will, the Perfect Humanity. Out into the Open. Under all these various names the man required is the same: a supreme soul calculating all our human wants, commanding all our human forces, understanding all our human dispositions, uniting and cleansing all our human characters, reconstructing all our human practices and institutions. Prophetic! But still men, scattered moblike in the various societies and classes of the world, wait and watch and pray. The prophet is a long while coming. Can it be that his spirit is secreted yet a little while longer with the Father-spirit, ere he come forth to speak God's word and to lead God's host? But the time for his coming is now quickly ripen-

ing. Strong and brave men on all sides are growing impatient with waiting; a spirit of uneasiness and protest is steadily spreading throughout our human societies, is making its presence felt broadcast over the lands. There are signs of the times, shadows gloomy and sinister, yes; but forecasting the coming prophet. Soon, soon, men (even you and I, God grant) shall behold the light of his vast, world-wide prophet face, shall grasp the strong hand of his boundless friendship, shall feel solemn and yet at ease in his majestic presence, shall sense the awful sanity and power of his prophet-soul. It is a time when strong and brave men the world over should sink all differences whether of birth or station, or race or temperament, and join this prophet's gathering forces, join and seek to control these human energies round about, join and master the great horde of expectant humanity, the street-walkers and toilers of our modern life; join and master and humanize the living men of this generation until the coming of their majestic, wise, patient and hopeful Leader.

VIII

In the quiet and solemn places where my own soul has wrestled with God I have sometimes caught a fleeting glimpse of the prophet of this generation's expectation and hope, a passing vision of his human form and divine spirit. And, lo, he held within his incomparable soul, he held in perfect unconscious poise the great world-forces of love and hate,—love of every living man, hate of every living evil. He was a Man of beyond human affection and yet of beyond human decisiveness of soul, a god of a Man. One found him to be a perfect embodiment of the infinite patience, tenderness, hopefulness of the living God. But, not less! a perfect embodiment of the enduring resolution, the mighty determination, the terrible wrath of the living God. This prophet had power;—God! what power!—had power in such eternal measure that with unconscious braveness of soul he said to men the things that needed to be said, said these things quietly, authoritatively, with such thundering power one could feel the worlds tremble, could see the great course of human history bent under the dominant spell of his mighty will. One found a certain gentle relentlessness in his condemnation of all hatred, all jealousy, all bitterness, all revengefulness of soul. One saw him with sad wrathfulness driving from him all men of whatsoever class or station or profession among his followers who besought him to further their own ends, to satiate their own lust for blood, or distinction or power or even peace of soul. One heard him denounce all malefactors of whatever party or profession. He required of all a steady manhood, a crucified selfhood, a perfect clearness of vision, a relentless determination to be unambiguously true, and just, and righteous, and humane; and beholding, one could see, could deliberately see the way of God's justice stretching out before this prophet-man and his brave followers,—stretching away out into the great unknown of the Eternal. And it was no chimera, this city of God they sought to build by blood of brow in the dim distance out there. It was a society of redeemed wills, a brotherhood of real men, a community of unpropertied souls;—it was the dawning of a new day they thus marched chanting toward. And as the Master thus pressed chanting and brave forward into God only knows what region of possible adventure and divine experience of life or death, one found oneself selling all that he had and following in his steps, unencumbered of body, free of soul, past the tottering institutions of the present, on toward the Eternal, the potent Future, the just City of God.

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SUNDAY MORNING AMONG THE HILLS

O God, thou art so near to me
  In all this wondrous hush of hills!
Their nestling peace is full of thee,
And through their soft tranquillity
  Thy joy of heaven distills.
I watch where purpling splendor thrills
  My soul with soothing mystery,
And know 'tis thou their glory fills:
But as I watch these wondrous hills,
  'Tis thou—dost watch with me!

Rowe, Mass.

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MRS. WHITE, who for three years has been rendering great service to the church in Syracuse as pastor's assistant, has accepted an invitation to take a similar position in connection with the First Unitarian church in Philadelphia.

THE UNITARIAN PILGRIMAGE TO BERLIN

BY REV. MAXWELL SAVAGE

I

ON July 12th the Cymric, having on board twenty-five or thirty of the pilgrims bound for Berlin, sailed from the port of Boston. Following us the next day came the Devonian, bearing the main body. In fact all passengers on the ship except two were headed for the great Congress.

As I was one of the smaller, advance guard I can write very little about the voyage of the Devonians. But I can tell what Mr. Wendte, who was among them, has told me, that they had "a royal time:" the sky, the winds and the sea treated them well: they had French and German lessons and Passion Play readings in preparation for their experiences on this continent: they had Sunset Services with eleven different denominations represented: in fact the whole spirit of the ship was proof of what a pleasant time many people of the liberal mind can have when brought close together. But I was on the Cymric and I can tell only of my impressions, and perhaps that is what the editor wished when he wrote asking for this letter.

The trip across was uneventful; the sort of voyage which brings rest and renewed life. Day after day the sea was calm without even the deep-sea under-swell. Fog and haze shut us in for part of the trip, but though they kept the captain from his berth, they did not spoil the peacefulness of the voyage.

On Sunday evening services were held in which a Congregational, an Episcopalian and Mr. Simons of Cleveland, Mr. Bulkley of Beverley and I took part.

Two days later, on July 19th we sighted the Irish coast. By half past ten we were off Queenstown where a little steamer met us to take ashore those who were for Irish soil.

The coast and fields and woods on either side of the harbor-mouth looked, for all the world, like a picture by Maxfield Parrish. One estate especially at the right of the harbor-entrance seemed to sum up what we imagine as a country estate in that part of the world. A long white house with two wings, closely backed and flanked with a forest which looked like velvet from the distance; above the woods, fields each divided sharply from its neighbor by walls: before the house a deep green lawn running down to a cove on the rocky shore.

Some of the pilgrims left us here and we steamed away for Liverpool, followed by a snow-squall of gulls.

The next morning, July 22nd, we started by train for Chester, that strange old town with its mediæval houses and streets. One of the great pageants, with which England has been overrun of late as America has been with expositions, was being held. We did not see this, yet we saw many people on the streets in costumes of the Middle Ages and surely they fitted in well with the quaint surroundings.

We spent some time in the galleries where the shops along the streets are overhung by the houses. Then we wandered out along the wall, the old city wall, and it was like a dream out of "Puck of Pook's Hill" to imagine one's self back into days when a thirty foot stone wall could be effective for the defense of a town.

At one place we looked down from the wall into the deep mote cut from the solid rock and now used as a canal. At another we stopped and looked down on the old Roman water tower which used to stand at the edge of the Dee; and beside it we saw the remains of the old Roman baths. Surely such a spot takes you well out of the world of today. Then we went to the great Chester Cathedral, one which impressed me deeply because of its associations with Norman times.

Our guide, a verger, Mr. Wheeler, a man intensely interested in the inner meanings and history of architecture, showed us the inner places until we had forgotten the rush of the New World. And as I went from place to place within the walls I tried to picture myself our Brooklyn minister, Mr. Dutton, as he was there as a choir boy in his early youth.

At noon, after luncheon, we went on to Warwick, arriving there about four o'clock. The castle, perhaps the best preserved of the residential castles, stands back of the old town. The entrance was not prepossessing but after we passed through the gate the world was changed. Beyond the sunken road to

the castle stood the inner walls and within them the old house, the velvet lawns, the gardens and ancient grey towers.

That evening we drove to the stark ruins of Kenilworth and back to Leamington. And that night I slept in a little old house called the Buckley Inn, over three hundred years old. It looked that old, yet it did not "feel" so in any bodily sense, but was comfortable and restful.

The next morning we went to Stratford, and there we first visited the old-world cottage of Ann Hathaway. And there again I wished that the Master Bard had not left her his "second best bed-stead."

Then we walked back through the unreal streets to John Harvard's House, restored now as it used to be in his day, thanks to a non-Harvard man. Then to Shakespeare's place where he lived when in the hey-day of his life though no house stands there now. And lastly to the old house on the main street where he was brought into the world.

At noon we lunched at the Red Horse Inn, looking into Washington Irving's room and then, it being Saturday afternoon, we returned to Liverpool as there was to be a reception there that evening at the Royal Institution given by the Unitarians!

That affair was most interesting, for after the general gathering there were speeches by English and American members of our movement. Especially was it interesting and gratifying to hear the English speakers say that they looked to and thanked America for new and fine ideals in religion and literature.

The next morning I preached in Liscard, a suburb of Liverpool, to about one hundred people who were interested in the good-news of our faith. Mr. Parry, the minister of this compact church, took the service; one which would be considered a bit complicated and ecclesiastical in America. Yet those English people, by their cordiality after service, put to shame many a self-sufficient New England church.

In the evening I preached at Birkenhead, another Liverpool suburb; a very pretty church with a wonderful Burne-Jones window back of the pulpit. There I found also a goodly congragation and much cordiality.

After the service I took the train for Manchester where my brother-in-law, Mr. Simons, had been preaching. There I was surprised to find that in an area of about twenty-five miles there were fully a hundred Unitarian churches. The next day, Monday, we went on to London through that finished garden-land of England. It is all on a beautiful, finished, almost tiny scale as compared with our great stretches of country.

London town,—there are no words, or if there are I haven't them, to describe it; its myriads of people, all busy; its miles of streets, all finished; its age, and yet its present rush. The first day I visited Essex Hall, our Unitarian headquarters in the British Isles; the first spot in England for real Unitarianism.

There it was, in that little street off the Strand, that Theophilus Lindsey in 1784 gathered his church after leaving the Establishment. From there I strolled (always watching the people), around to the old Temple Church built in 1240. There it stands, surrounded by great trees, back of the Strand in the heart of London. It was founded by the Knights Templars some of whom lie buried there.

After that I walked up to St. Paul's and stood silent, trying to appreciate all the modern history which has centered there.

Though I went down into the crypt and stood before the tombs of Wellington and Nelson still I did not receive the same sense of ancient child-like sincerity which Chester Cathedral gave me.

While in London we visited the Tate Gallery. In fact I much preferred that to the National. We Unitarians should be proud of such an English Unitarian as was Mr. Tate. He gave liberally to our college at Oxford, but the soul of the man is shown in this remarkable inscription inside the entrance to the Gallery: "This building and sixty-five pictures were given to the British Nation for the encouragement and development of British Art as a thank-offering for a prosperous business career of sixty years."

Of course we visited Westminster, but except when looking up I felt overcrowded by the multitude of statues and memorials.

In the entrance to the ancient octagonal room where Parliament once sat, I found the bust of Lowell and above it the famous Burne-Jones window depicting that great poem, Sir Launfal.

One afternoon I wandered through and about the Tower, perhaps the best extant

representative of the terrible *Might* necessary in a past age when Right seems to have been secondary. Two afternoons our British friends received us at Essex Hall and much was said of the coming celebration of one hundred years' Peace between the two nations.

Windsor Castle was far finer than I had expected. Its beautiful Horse Shoe Cloister built by William the Conquerer in 1066, its great promenade built by Elizabeth, were both pervaded by a sense of the presence of their makers. From the promenade we looked down on Eton School and across the fair Thames valley to Stoke Pogis and the home William Penn left to go to America. I think the oldest part of the castle, the central round Tower with its perfect garden in the dry moat will stay in my memory longest. For it is old, and closing my eyes I could see the Romans themselves whose clear well beneath the floor has only lately been found. On the night of July 28th a great banquet was given us at Holborn Restaurant by the Layman's Club of London (Unitarian).

Two hundred and ninety-eight people were at table and after toasts to the King and the President came just enough short speeches. The speech of the evening was that of Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter.

It was interesting to note how impressed the English seemed by the fact that our President could be a Unitarian, for they still feel the cramping pressure of an established church, a church whose ministers still speak of their religion as "the chartered channels of divine grace."

Nevertheless they are rejoicing over the recent victory of the non-conformists in the change of wording in the King's coronation oath regarding religion.

I could not leave England without walking through the streets of Chelsea, so one afternoon I took one of Kipling's "little river boats" up to Battersea Park and then crossed over and looked on the houses of Carlyle, Leigh Hunt, Whistler, Turner, George Eliot and Rossetti. That was a full afternoon for on the return to the hotel I saw the King and Queen pass in Whitehall surrounded by the old-world splendor of their guards.

I cannot leave England without saying at least one word to the blessed condition of the horses and dogs. I hope some day America will treat them as well.

On Sunday night, July 31, we crossed the dreaded channel from Queensborough to Flushing. But our dread was needless for it was as smooth as the dining-room table.

And, by the way, on the morning of that day I preached at Ilford, a London suburb. There I found a strong, young church with a congregation of seventy-five, over half of which was male. Truly our American churches must hurry if their new growth is to surpass that of English Unitarianism. Monday forenoon, August 1st, I caught a fleeting glimpse of Amsterdam.

From the train between Flushing and there I had my first look at that strange little country of canals, windmills, quaintly dressed men and women, and trees "all out in a row." It is a beautiful land, rich and green, the low fields dotted with sheep and Holstein cattle, here and there a gate standing alone at some little bridge spanning the ditches which serve for fences.

In Amsterdam we visited the gallery and looked at Rembrandt's masterpieces. Then we drove through the streets seeing here and there quaint old buildings of history. But my eyes were mostly for the canals which are everywhere through the city and for the clumsy boats moving slowly along. For all the business done I saw or felt no rush nor hurry.

That afternoon we spent in Leyden visiting The University and John Robinson's home. I was surprised to find St. Peter's church in which he preached to be a great cathedral-like building. I had looked to see a small meeting house.

In the evening we went on to Scheveningen and were glad of the rest by the sea after all our travel and hurry.

The next morning we spent at that perfect little city the Hague. We drove in from Scheveningen through the beautiful woods and visited the gallery, the old original square of the city and "the house in the woods." It was the birthday of the Queen Mother so we were fortunate in seeing a large review of troops.

In the afternoon we walked up the broad beach of the old Dutch fishing village and there left the modern world far behind as we wandered through the old streets between little tiled houses, in front of which

stood groups of fisher-folk while children clattered everywhere in their wooden shoes.

Yesterday we crossed over into Germany here to Cologne. At the border our long private train had to stop while all the trunks were taken off and into the Customs only to be returned after much delay and farcical inspection.

We arrived here at four last evening. By five o'clock most of the pilgrims had gone to a great banquet and reception prepared by our generous German hosts.

The speaking and feasting lasted till after midnight, yet this morning all were ready for a sail up the Rhine.

Before starting we visited the cathedral, the most beautiful thing I have ever seen. Its towering walls and spires, five hundred feet above the pavement give one a sense of standing beneath great cliffs. Yet there is perfection in every line.

The interior lifts one beyond words. The high columns and spraying arches along the stone ceilings, the many-century old, beautifully colored windows with the morning sun shining through;—I shall carry the sense of beauty and uplift which they gave me for many a day.

Our guide took us into the treasure-room and there showed us a shrine containing "the bones of the Magi," also a bit of "Peter's staff" and a box containing a piece of "the true cross." These things he told us with earnest sincerity born of ignorance and credulous superstition. At noon we took the electric cars to Bonn and there, alas, were hurried through the town with no time to visit the University, and the birthplace of Beethoven.

Then we embarked on a steamer, and with German, British and American flags flying, with band playing, we sailed up the great river.

As we passed the little villages people waved us on, little knowing what a band of heretics we were in the midst of this most orthodox of valleys.

The Seven Mountains and the Drachenfels towered on the left shore, bringing into reality again the Ring and the story of Roland faithful to Hildegard in the cloister on the little island. We saw the most beautiful part of the famed Rhine, yet naturally it is not so beautiful as our own Hudson. It is the human associations which make us hold it dear.

At noon at Remagen we had luncheon in a garden by the Rhine with much speaking; how these Germans love to make speeches; with much fine spirit of brotherliness and intensity of common interest in things religious. Mr. Simons of Cleveland replied for us Americans and we were all proud of our representative as he worded our mission and thanked our hosts.

Tomorrow we start for Berlin, going by special train. All the English liberals have joined us and now, several hundred strong, we move on to our goal.

So far our trip has been full of interest and one of influence for the widening and deepening of the liberal spirit.

The Congress will be the culmination of this pilgrimage. It will be a great congress, great in numbers and great because made up of men and women who prefer "truth for authority" to "authority for truth."

THE INDIVIDUAL AND SOCIAL JUSTICE LEAGUE OF AMERICA

THE Individual and Social Justice League of America, an anti-Socialism organization, having in it many prominent preachers, educators, labor union men, and legislators, was formed in June at the parish house of All Souls' Church, (Unitarian), 104 East Twentieth Street. The Rev. Dr. John Wesley Hill, pastor of the Metropolitan Temple, was made the President and Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul was made First Vice President.

Ex-Controller Herman A. Metz is the Treasurer and the Rev. Dr. Conde Pallen of the editorial staff of The Catholic Encyclopedia is Secretary. E. A. Moffet is the field organizer.

Briefly stated, the purpose of the league is to combat Socialism, primarily in the churches and labor unions. Its object is thus fully and officially stated, Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, chairman of the "Bureau of Literary Activity" having been charged with its preparation:

"The purpose of this association it to set clearly before the American people the principles at issue between American thought and life as compared with the economic and

political revolution proposed by Socialism; to promote a loyal adherence to the institutions by which America has come to be a land of freedom, progress, and reverence for law; to exemplify and reinforce the faith of the people in personal initiative as the mainspring of all social, industrial, and political progress; to safeguard the rights of life, liberty, and property; to inculcate just conditions of industrial and commercial competition while resisting the aggressions of private privilege at the expense of public welfare; to defend the workman in his demand for an equitable return for his labor; to uphold the American ideal of home, the integrity of the family, the love of country, and to maintain 'the everlasting reality of religion' as the foundation of our civilization."

The General Council has on it more than forty names, representing all parts of the country and all trades and professions. Following are some of the members: Archbishop Ireland, St. Paul; Archbishop O'Connell, Boston; Bishop Cranston, Washington, D. C.; Bishop Warren, Denver; Bishop Vincent, Indianapolis; Bishop Mallalieu, Auburndale, Mass.; Bishop Darlington, Harrisburg, Penn.; Mgr. William J. White, Brooklyn; Mgr. M. J. Lavelle, St. Patrick's Cathedral; the Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, Central Congregational Church, Brooklyn; the Rev. Dr. J. F. Carson, Central Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn. the Rev. Dr. Thomas R. Slicer, All Souls' Church, New York; the Rev Dr. Rudolph Grossman, Temple Rodolph Sholom; the Rev. Dr. W. A. Shanklin, President Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.; the Rev. Dr. G. E. Reed, President Dickinson College, Carlisle, Penn.; the Rev. A. E. Smith, President Ohio Northern University, Ada, Ohio; the Rev. Dr. Charles B. Thwing, President Western Reserve University, Adelbert College, Cleveland, Ohio; W. G. Lee, President of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, Cleveland; Peter W. Collins, Secretary of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, Springfield, Ill.; John M. Stahl, Secretary of the Farmers' National Congress, Chicago, Ill.; Allan Robinson, President of the Allied Real Estate Interests; Mrs. Clarence Burns, President of the Little Mothers' Aid Association; Mrs. Martha Moore Avery, Boston; William Conant Church, editor of The Army and Navy Journal; Mrs. Rossiter Johnson of the National League for the Civic Education of Women.

Summer Happenings

THE MEADVILLE SUMMER INSTITUTE

ON the Monday after the last Sunday in June, 1911, the Institute for Religious Education will be held again at Meadville. Such is the understanding, and that is evidence enough that the session held the past summer was considered satisfactory. Indeed it was better than we had dared to hope. It should be remembered that the session was not merely for two or three days but for two full weeks. Most of those who attended were here for the full time. Divinity Hall was well filled with those who took advantage of the hospitality of the Theological School.

Pittsburg, Jamestown, Dunkirk, Cleveland, Buffalo and Meadville were represented by regular members and some came in from other places for some of the sessions. Pittsburg came with a large number, including the minister and his family, both churches being represented. If the other churches had even approached Pittsburg, the room would have been more than full—and Pittsburg is enthusiastic over the session.

The lectures were exceptionally good. Dr. Doan's lectures on The Religion of Childhood make a contribution to the literature on the subject and ought to appear in permanent form. Dr. Christie held the close attention throughout to his clear and delightful lectures on the literature of the New Testament. Miss Bullard answered the needs of those who were eager for material for use with the younger children, General lectures were given in the evenings by Rev. Leon A. Harvey, Rev. L. W. Mason, D. D., and Rev. J. H. Applebee. The presence and help of Rev. Wm. I. Lawrance were highly appreciated.

Social occasions and recreation were combined with regular work. It was the verdict of some present that other teachers

would have come if they had known how pleasant and restful the place would be. It is hoped that next year more of the churches will send representatives to the Institute to get the benefit which those who were present this year will testify they received.

ISLES OF SHOALS SUMMER MEETINGS

DESPITE some misadventures of housekeeping, and the embarrassing belligerency of rival hotel managements, the Isles of Shoals Summer Meetings of this year were unusually successful. The attendance was large, the program as arranged was carried out to the last detail, not one speaker failing, and the subjects proved of exceptional interest. Morning addresses were devoted to "The Essential Faiths of the Modern Man" presented as follows: 1. "The Divine Fact of Human Nature" by Rev. John M. Wilson; 2. "The Essential Faith in God" by Rev. Frederic Gill; 3. "The Principles of Growth in Religion" by Rev. Sydney B. Snow; 4. "The Ethical Focus of Religion" by Prof. Ralph Barton Perry, of Harvard University; 5. "The Persistent Significance of the Christ-Ideal" by Rev. Joseph H. Crooker, D. D.; 6. "The Essential Immortality, by Rev. Richard W. Boynton. Evenings were devoted to more general topics, ranging from the genial humor of Rev. Fred R. Lewis' lecture on Mark Twain, to the austere earnestness of Rev. John Haynes Holmes' address on Theodore Parker. Not midway between, for it had no note of half-way compromise,—but surely blending much lightness of touch with a resolute tone of seriousness, was Prof. Zueblin's fascinating lecture of Wednesday evening on "The Religion and the Common Life." "The Mask and the Altar" was the enticing theme of an address dealing with the relations between the pulpit and the stage, thoughtfully presented by Rev. Henry Wilder Foote. Friday evening was made delightful by a concert given by the ladies of the "Westland Quartet." Saturday evening was introductory to the session of the Sunday School Institute which was to follow in the week following, an illuminating lecture, given with much quiet charm by Miss Frances M. Dadmun, and illustrated by the stereopticon, treating of the use of pictures in religious instruction.

The distinctly religious services of the week were notably inspiring. On the first Sunday, Rev. Lewis G. Wilson preached in the morning a noble sermon on "Worship in the Beauty of Holiness," and in the evening Rev. Adelbert L. Hudson gave a ringing discourse. The morning chapel services were conducted in the main by younger ministers, Revs. Chester A. Drummond, Daniel R. Freeman, A. H. Robinson, Samuel R. Maxwell, George D. Sanders and Albert W. Clark having these in charge. The second Sunday began with a simple and impressive Communion Service conducted by Rev. William I. Lawrance. The morning sermon was preached by Thomas Van Neiss, and the evening sermon by Rev. R. W. Boynton. The weather of the week was perfect, and there were no troubles or vexations of tangled administration at the hotel, which twenty-four hours of such glorious air and such congenial fellowship could not reduce to negligible factors. It is but justice to say, moreover, that the management of the hotel had most perplexing bafflements to wrestle with at the start; and while everything was not as it might have been, at first, before the week was gone all difficulties were conquered, and the guests as content as in any year for some time past.

ISLES OF SHOALS SUNDAY SCHOOL INSTITUTE

LARGER in numbers, more eager in zeal, and more heartily enthusiastic over the program prepared for them, than ever before, the company of Sunday School workers gathered at the Isles of Shoals this year for their Summer Institute certainly were unanimous in their conviction that the enterprise was thoroughly worth while. About one hundred and fifty was the enrollment, and while geographically the attendance did not range so far as last year, nearly every section of New England was represented, and some schools beyond, as well.

The program presented three distinct lines of study. *First*, Dr. Geo. R. Dodson's lectures on "The Psychology of Religious Teaching" were pre-eminently valuable. There were five of these, one for each morn-

ing of the week. *Second*, Rev. William I. Lawrance, President of the Unitarian Sunday School Society, gave five most illuminating and suggestive "Bible Readings from the Gospel," interpreting the spirit of modern higher criticism in terms of a warm and sympathetic unfolding of the essential personality of Jesus. *Third*, a series of practical conferences on the practical conduct of the Sunday School, also directed by Mr. Lawrance, whose part in the working out of the whole week's enterprise was invaluable. Besides these longer courses, two very suggestive lectures on "The Parables" was given by Rev. A. R. Hussey of Baltimore, Md.

The evenings of the week were devoted to somewhat more popular themes, though all had their bearing on Sunday School work. Rev. Alfred Manchester of Salem, gave a most interesting lecture on "Palestine" illustrated by the stereopticon. Mrs. Caroline B. Lawrance gave an inspiring and beautiful story of her visit to "Oberammergau and its Passion Play, ten years ago, also illustrated by the stereopticon. Rev. Joseph R. Puffer told of "Boy Problems" out of an interesting personal experience therewith; and on Friday evening the young people of the company had everything their own way with an evening of extemporized Vaudeville, a committee consisting of Miss Marjorie Newhall and Miss Lawrance having the program in charge.

The one possible limitation of these meetings is the shortness of their period: certainly the great point in their success is the hearty co-operation of all attending in the free interchange of convictions and experiences.

SUMMER SERVICES IN NEW YORK CITY

NEW YORKERS generally do not realize that their city is a summer resort. True those who come do not stay long, but they are here long enough to take the "Sight Seeing" car, and some of them find the city so interesting that they remain for weeks.—Among such visitors are many Unitarians who, despite the intense heat, have attended the union services which were held in All Souls Church during July and August. On a recent Sunday the first three persons to greet the minister at the close of service came respectively from California, Minnesota and Louisiana. On the following Sunday Iowa, Alabama and Texas were represented and following these came a gentleman from London, England.

A small group of New York Unitarians have been regular attendants, several of them not missing a Sunday. The extreme heat has of course made the attendance smaller than in 1909 when most Sundays were comparatively cool. But considering the heat the attendance has been remarkably good.

As last year the services have been in charge of Rev. Leon A. Harvey of Brooklyn, who, in addition to his duties as Sunday morning preacher, has responded to calls for weddings and funerals. The Headquarters at 104 E. 20th St. have been open from 10 to 12 each morning except Saturdays. Here passing Unitarians have been received, literature distributed and books supplied.

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WHAT TWO UNITARIAN LAYMEN THINK

Do They Agree?

I GO to church every Sunday in the year. I go in the expectation of hearing a Unitarian sermon, based on the principles that underlie our faith. I do not go to hear about political economy, or to be instructed in political principles. . . . I therefore recommend to the Unitarian ministers that when they preach to their people, they remember that the people want religion, and lots of it, and not political economy."

—*Gov. Draper of Massachusetts, at the last Unitarian Festival in Boston.*

I AM glad to express my sense of the responsibility devolving upon the laymen not only of our own church but of all the churches, as churchmen, to uphold the religious and ethical principles for which the church stands, and to apply those principles actively to the solution of civic, social, and industrial problems that today are confronting our country. We look to the churches and kindred organizations for the preservation of these ideals, and we should hail every instrumentality which is adopted for their promulgation. One of the most pleasing signs of the time is the

rise of organizations within the church by which earnest men combine for the purpose of increasing the strength of the church as a body, making it a power for the amelioration of social conditions and carrying its message into all lands."

—*President Taft in his letter accepting the Honorary Presidency of the League of Unitarian Laymen.*

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THE FELLOWSHIP OF SOCIAL JUSTICE

THE following letter, written to the President of the Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice, by one of its recently elected Vice Presidents is here published at the suggestion of the Presidnte, in order that it may receive a wider reading, and call forth opinions and suggestions from other members, and persons interested. We propose to make this matter the subject for a *Symposium* in our October number, and shall be glad to receive contributions thereto from any of our readers who have a vital word to say.

EDITOR.

My Dear Holmes:—

The Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice, at its annual meeting in Boston, on May 26th, did me the honor of electing me a member of its Executive Committee. I understand that a meeting of that committee (or board) was called for the afternoon of the 27th, but I was unable to remain for it, having to get back to Ann Arbor for a funeral. Not knowing when there may be another meeting, or whether I shall be able to attend it when summoned, I am going to ease my mind by writing to you.

Although I joined the Fellowship only a few days after its formation, it has never been possible for me to attend its meetings before this year. While much that was said, both in Arlington Street church and at the business meeting, commended itself neither to my taste nor judgment, I recognize the value of such meetings in providing an opportunity of bringing forcibly to the attention of our people the most vital moral issues of our day. The question which I wish to raise, however, is whether the Fellowship has not made a sufficient display of oratory; is whether it can not now do something more tangible and practical. It has, of course, done an excellent thing in publishing its bibliographies. Can we not do more in such practical lines? I do not see that we accomplished anything at our recent Boston meetings except to attract to ourselves a not very fortunate notoriety, and to vindicate the rights of free speech, which, frankly, I really do not think stood in need of vindication. At our business meeting, when we might profitably have discussed a program of practical action, we were deluged with oratory for ninety minutes over an admirable resolution upon which we were all agreed from the beginning. Being myself no orator I question the value of an organization which seems to have speechifying as its chief end,—not that I doubt the potency of words, but they must be aimed at some definite target, not merely exploded in the air like a noisy but futile string of fire-crackers. Furthermore, I note that the object of the Fellowship is expressly to provide for "*action* against all forms of social injustice" and for "*application* of our religious ideals to the needs of the present day."

Therefore, I ask if the Executive Committee cannot suggest an outline of practical work for this desired "application" of our ideals. We all believe in social justice, but we are somewhat bewildered, it may be, how more firmly to establish it. Even where there is ignorance, wilful or unconscious, of the existence of social ills, there is not much benefit in turning on the light unless one can also show what practical steps will afford relief. What, for example, I need, is to be taught, first, how to discover the evil conditions hidden in the back alleys behind my own house; and, second, what steps to take to secure their removal. Finally, through these experiences I may learn something of the ultimate social causes of these ills, and so cut more and more deeply into their roots. I wish that the Fellowship, instead of spending its time in the vindication of free speech, would vindicate its own existence by planning and adopting such a campaign of education. There are men among us who are really doing things. For example, why can we not next year hear what Wicks of Indianapolis and his people are doing to promote civic righteousness? It's a fine story. Or get Greenman of Milwaukee to tell about the

Socialist administration of that city: a good story too, according to latest advices. Or, get Mrs. Caroline Bartlett Crane of Kalamazoo to map out "a minister's program of practical reform" for us. I mention these three neighbors of mine in the Western Conference merely as examples. Our ministry could provide a good many speakers who could give us wise advice from their own experience in handling actual problems. I don't care what their political views are,—whether they belong to the "red wing," or. like myself, perhaps, to the "green wing" of the Fellowship, but I do care that we should get some inspiration which is capable of transmutation into action—something more than just vapor.

I do not write this in criticism of the kind of meetings which the Fellowship has hitherto held, for doubtless they have had their value. But I do wish to ask for the serious consideration, by the Executive Committee, of this suggestion that we make our meetings in future more positive and practical. In making that suggestion I believe that I express the sentiments of a good many of our members who are skeptical on the subject of "reform by resolution," but who are eager for the effective application of our ideals. Can we not turn our attention, for a while at least, to seeking an answer to the actual problems which these men are trying to meet? Faithfully yours,

HENRY WILDER FOOTE.

THE CHURCH AND SOCIAL JUSTICE

CONDUCTED BY REV. HAYNES HOLMES

IN the May and June numbers of *The Unitarian*, I discussed in this Department some of the reasons why a man as wise as Dr. Edward T. Devine found it necessary to classify the ideal of a truly "socialized church" with the abolition of poverty, the conquest of infectious disease, the equitable distribution of wealth, as one of the dreams of the distant future which we could not hope fully to realize in the next year or even in the next generation. I discussed here at some length four of these obstacles to the true religion of the Kingdom of God—(1) first, the spirit of denominationalism, which has found the essence of religion in some particular statement of belief, or form of ecclesiastical organization, or scheme of spiritual salvation; (2) secondly, the "other-world" interpretations of religion, which has so obsessed the Christian mind with the dreams of the world beyond the grave that it has blinded it to the facts of the world upon this side of the grave; (3) thirdly, that strange confusion, so characteristic both of Protestantism and Catholicism, even in their most liberal branches, between sacred and secular, which has tended inevitably to "crib and cabin" the application of religious aspiration and endeavor within some narrowly prescribed area of human experience; and (4) lastly, the fact, so characteristic of Protestantism rather than of Catholicism, and peculiarly characteristic of liberal Protestantism, that the church is a class institution, interpretative of the thoughts and ideals of an exclusive social class and devoted to the defence and perpetuation of the social privileges of this class.—Here are four obstacles to the "socialized church" of great significance; and to these I would now add a fifth of even deeper and more tragic significance.

I refer to the fact that the modern church, at least in all of its Protestant branches, liberal as well as orthodox, embodies an idea of religion which is wholly individualistic in character, while the great social reforms of our day, with which the true "socialized church" ought rightly to be identified,—or, even more, to make its own—are wholly socialistic in character. The central fact in the modern social movement, in all of its manifold branches of consecrated endeavor, is its recognition of the social nature of man; and all the lines of its progress are away from the individualistic conceptions of the past to the socialistic conceptions of the present. Social conditions, social forces, social causes—these constitute our modern problem; and any individual or institution which hopes to have part in solving these problems must assume the social and not the individual point of view. Says Prof. Peabody, in his

"Approach to the Social Question," surveying the causes which have led to the creation of the "Social Question," we are face to face here, in the passing from the old individualistic to the new socialistic standpoint, with "a transition in thought which can be compared with nothing less than the transition in astronomy, when the Ptolemaic conception of the universe was supplanted by the Copernican conception, and the earth, which had seemed the center of a system, was discovered to have its orbit as one of many planets round a larger sun. So the philosophy of individualism, with its Ptolemaic conception of the individual life, is supplanted by the philosophy of the social order, where the individual finds himself within the Copernican system of a larger world."

Now there is nothing, to my mind, which makes it so difficult for the church to identify itself with the contemporary social movement, which is the consequence of this "transition of thought" which Prof. Peabody thus vividly describes, as the fact that Christian philosophy is hopelessly individualistic in character. The essential feature of this philosophy, of course, is the dogma of salvation; and it needs no lengthy argument upon my part to show, that, in its orthodox phases at least, the Christian conception of salvation revolves wholly around the question of saving the individual—saving him out of the existing world and into a new and better world in the great beyond. The Protestant church has taught the individual to study the state of his soul—to survey his sins and weaknesses—to save himself, by faith in Christ, even though father and mother, wife and child, remained unrepentant and unforgiven. "Religion," says Prof. Peabody, describing this characteristic aspect of Christianity, "was a gift to the individual, and the salvation of the single soul was the sufficient end of God's grace." The most vivid picture of this strictly individualistic conception of religion ever given to the world is that portrayed in the pages of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." Warned by the angel of the Lord, that he is living in the City of Destruction, Christian straightway abandons his family and friends, and flees with all speed from the doomed community in order to save himself. And when his wife and children call to him to come back and deliver them also, he puts his fingers in his ears and runs the faster, says the writer, that he may not be persuaded to turn back and thus lose his chance of salvation. And this insanely selfish man Bunyan made the hero of his tale and thus the model of Christian character!

Now, that such a conception of the function of religion as this makes impossible a "socialized church" is plain enough; and we Unitarians are inclined, for this and many other reasons as well, to take great comfort in the thought that we have succeeded in freeing ourselves from this abominable theology of salvation by faith. But the more I study the question, the more do I find myself coming to the conclusion that our boasted freedom is more a matter of "words, words," as Hamlet says, than anything else, and that our religious philosophy is as individualistic and hence as unsocialistic as the traditional theology of our scorned brethren of oldtime Orthodoxy. In the place of salvation by faith, to be sure, we put salvation by character—in place of salvation by the grace of Christ, we put salvation by one's own achievement—in place of the salvation gained by the outward and miraculous intervention of a divine being, we put the salvation gained by the inward and natural endeavor of our own souls,—but, when words are cast aside and the realities which they typify are examined, we find that we have simply been using white counters instead of black. The game we are playing is exactly the same, and is controlled by the same rules. The object, in the one case as in the other, is wholly individualistic. We desire to save ourselves. Our sign of salvation is a pure heart—that of our neighbor is what he calls conversion; our method of salvation is natural—his method is supernatural; our road of salvation is moral—his road is statutory; we do something—he receives something. But the end is the same—we are ourselves saved. In other words, liberal Protestantism, like orthodox Protestantism, is a religion the essential character of which is individualism.

Now that a church with such a philosophy of life can never hope to be a "socialized church," such as Dr. Devine has in mind, must be plainly evident. The "socialized church" must remain an empty dream until

the same transition has taken place in the realm of religious philosophy which has already taken place in the realm of practical life. The world, and not the individual, must be made "the subject of redemption," as Dean Freemantle pointed out in his Bampton Lectures under that title. Modern religion must have for its subject, as Prof. Peabody puts it, in his "Approach to the Social Question," "not the individual detached from the world, but the world itself in whose redemption the individual has his share." And this means a wholly new conception of salvation for orthodox and liberal alike—such a conception as the average Unitarian, for example, has not begun as yet to comprehend.

What this revolution in our religious ideas really involves has been best set forth of late by Prof. Simon N. Patten, of the University of Pennsylvania. Pointing out the gain of the liberal conception of salvation over the orthodox in its emphasis upon character as opposed to belief, he states that another step onward must still be taken. Using the classic judgment day *scenario* to set forth his thought, he declares that the tests exacted of the person before the bar of Christ will not relate to individual virtues at all—as we Unitarians have always thought! On the contrary, Prof. Patten pictures the drama as follows:—

"'Where do you come from?'

"'From Norwich, N. Y.; from New York city; from Philadelphia; from Pittsburgh; from San Francisco; from Milwaukee; from Providence; from Washington, D. C. —as the case may be.'

"'What are the prevailing conditions in your community? Are the lawmakers honest? Does justice prevail in the courts? Do the powerful oppress the helpless? Is the death rate normal? Is childhood protected? Is there congestion of population, exploitation of employes, corruption of public officials?'

"'I do not know exactly about such matters. I tried to live a blameless life. I was a good church member. I clothed the naked, fed the hungry, visited the sick. All the commandments I kept from youth up. Nay, I sold a large part of what I had and gave to the poor. But I had not much political influence. My business and family interests left me little time for politics and social reforms. My work in the church took much of my leisure. I do not know whether my neighbor's children worked in the mills at tender years or visited immoral haunts at night in the uniform of a recognized messenger service. I voted for license to keep taxes low. I took rent from overcrowded tenements because my agents managed that part of my property and it was an inconvenience to change investments. I found it easier to do business with a political machine and acquiesced in the graft on which it lived. I often heard proclaimed the doctrines of social responsibility, but I did not take them seriously.'"

This man, says Prof. Patten,—and he might be a most exemplary Unitarian,—would be condemned. His individual character would avail him nothing. Interpreting this theory of Prof. Patton, in a recent number of the "Survey," Dr. Devine says:—

"Professor Patten's startling theory is that no man has a right to expect salvation unless his neighborhood is also saved. He is scarcely willing to admit that a personal life of disinterested public service directed against the ills which prevent social regeneration and salvation is an adequate defence. Why should one plead his personal merits if they have not prevailed against the oppression, the misery, the unnecessary hardships from which others suffer? A complete identification of one's present and eternal interests with the interests of his fellows is the demand of real religion. This is the noble conception of ancient Judaism—a national, social conception, which should have been broadened into international relations, but which we have instead narrowed, especially in our individualistic, divergent, Protestant sects, until the sense of social responsibility has been wellnigh lost. The idea that individuals must suffer for the sins of the nation is thus neither repugnant to the ethical sense nor inconsistent with the analogies of our present experience. It is a profound truth to which we must return from our extreme individualistic philosophy if we would have a complete reconciliation between religion and social work."

Here is "the conclusion of the whole matter"—that even "a personal life of disinterested public service is not an adquate defence." This service must have

"prevailed against the oppression, the misery, the unnecessary hardships from which others suffer" in order to win the boon of salvation. This must have been what Theodore Parker had in mind when he described his ideal church as "the Church Triumphant." It it surely what Dr. Devine has in mind when he speaks of his dream of "the church socialized."

OUR READERS' EXCHANGE

[*We welcome to this page short communications from our readers touching any article that has been recently published in our columns, or dealing with any vital concern of our denominational activity or general religious interest. This is an "Open Court," our only insistance being that courtesy, pertinence and brevity shall be the manner of all our contributors.—EDITOR*]

An Afterthought

Editor of THE UNITARIAN ADVANCE:—

IT sometimes happens that in the discussion of an important matter, some vital point is so much taken for granted that nobody mentions it. This was true of the discussion at the May Meetings in regard to the appointment of a Commission to investigate the relation of our churches to current social issues, and to advise the churches as the the best way in which they can assist social progress. As one of those who took part in the debate, I beg the courtesy of the pages of THE UNITARIAN ADVANCE to express a thought which was left unspoken at that meeting, and which some of the speakers evidently did not consider at all.

I am sure that most of the "young ministers" do not wish to devote their *Sunday morning services* to the discussion of political economy or the propaganda of some pet theory in regard to social problems, but they want some department of their work devoted to this kind of human service. They want encouragement and advice in establishing and extending such work. They are convinced that it must be done, and they want to do it in the name of the church they love. Their plea is for the *extension* of church work in this direction, not for the substitution of the social gospel in the place of the devotional service which is the primary object of church life.

If the young men desire to follow the lead of their elder brothers, like Dr. Crothers and Dr. Dole, and put their churches into vital relation with the communities they serve, and with the larger issues which affect the welfare of the whole nation, and thus to bring the earnest workers for social freedom and progress who are outside the church into sympathy with it,—surely they should be commended and encouraged in every way. The *church* needs these young men. *Humanity* needs them. They belong to the "Institution of the dear love of comrades, without edifice, or rules, or trustees, or any argument" of which the church should be the organized expression.

All social service should draw its inspiration from spiritual devotion. But one without the other is futile. We look eagerly to the Commission to show us how the two may be blended in the life of our churches.

ANITA TRUEMAN PICKETT.

A Reply

Editor of THE UNITARIAN ADVANCE:—

The Pastor of the Unitarian Church, Helena, Montana, protesting against certain representations of our able Field Secretary, Mr. Brown, published in the April number of *The Unitarian*, has gone out of his way to cast a slur upon the character of my ministry so recently closed in Butte. Doubtless my work has its faults; but to obtain recognition of what merit it has, I have never found it necessary, either in public or in private, to depreciate the work of a fellow-minister, or to circulate, as "facts too well-known to be questioned by anyone," the back-biting and gossip of persons unfriendly to him. That is what the Helena pastor has done.

If it be true, which I do not grant, that I have "made the name Unitarian a hissing and a bye-word," it is only among people who either are so ignorant of sociological facts that they do not know what is being done, right under their eyes, to the moral and spiritual health and life of individuals and society, by the system of capitalistic industry, or else, are so materially interested in the maintenance of that system and so corrupted, themselves, by the ethics informing that system, that they are intolerant of persons and principles that expose the essential immorality of the system itself and of the

hypocricies that lurk in the religious and ethical apologetics that defend it. It does not require very "profound insight" to see that people are actuated by such motives, or baser ones, and the spiritual religion which narcotizes practical vision is a dubious pastoral asset. To have the hisses and the scorn of people thus motived should be accounted an honor and not a disgrace. Yet the Helena pastor would fain use such scorn, as a spiritual inspector's brand, to mark my eight years' labor here as my personal "failure" and the denomination's "humiliation."

To those of us in Butte, who know the truth about the situation, his own class-bias renders the Helena pastor's judgment untrustworthy. His own historical knowledge, if nothing else, should have taught him that the contemporary applause of the "better classes" is, *prima facie*, a suspicious circumstance. Quite universally the "better classes" have rejected preachers, who have "prophetic spirit" and "profound insight," with hissing and scorn and with stonings and crucifixions most cruel. Was it not the priests in a temple, builded of "gold, silver and precious stones" that represented the bloody spoils of conquest and of ruthless exploitation of the poor, and was it not "prosperous, good. reputable, educated representatives of business interests and advocates of middle-class sanity and progress—was it not, I ask, such an unholy alliance of religion and business—that, long since, brought about the judicial murder of one whom the common people heard gladly, on the charge that his ethical teachings were "political propaganda" and roused "political animosities?" And nineteen centuries later, in our own denominational era, were not Channing, May, Parker and others similarly accused and condemned by a similar unholy alliance?

It is in the light of such historic instances, our Unitarian ministers and churches should read the signs of the times. It is a new revolutionary era, a new abolition movement, that is upon us—Like all eras of this character, it springs out of material conditions and relations to blossom into ideas and motives and to effect changes in human standards and institutions. It brings its inevitable choices between tradition and fact, between the out-worn and the vital, between the partial, tentative truths o yesterday and the fuller, more serviceable truths of today—and now, as heretofore,

"—Blest is he who can discern
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blind-fold eye."

In conclusion, be it said, I used all my influence with my loyal supporters to have them give hearty support to the pastor of the Helena church when he came hither. They did so. They made up, by far, the largest percentage of his audience, and it was they, I am assured, who paid him for his services. It is not my fault, nor theirs, if their response to his message was not satisfactory to him. The man, who comes to Butte to teach Unitarians the relation of religion to the social life of man, needs to be pretty well-informed upon economies and sociology to make his spiritual truths and ethical principles seem something more than platitudinous.

LEWIS J. DUNCAN.

THE PRIESTLEY MEMORIAL

IT is now some three years since the suggestion was made, by Mr. Garvin, president of the Joseph Priestley Conference, that the Unitarian church of Northumberland, whose history seemed to have closed, should be restored and made, as a place of worship or in whatever way might seem best, a perpetual memorial to the founder of the society, Dr. Joseph Priestley, who passed in this place the evening of his days and whose ashes now rest upon the neighboring hillside. The idea met a ready response, not only from the remaining kindred of the illustrious dead, but from a number of others. The American Unitarian Association consented to accept the property in trust for the purpose proposed, the necessary legal steps were taken by the actual holders of the property, the title-deeds and existing funds were passed over to the Association, the work of restoration was begun, and now at last the church, fitting in its home-like beauty and simplicity, has been reopened for religious services.

It was an hour of mingled sadness and pleasure. Miss Jean B. Priestley, a great-great-granddaughter of the founder,—two others were also present, while a fourth

and a great-granddaughter were too far away to attend,—presided at the organ, and opened the exercises with a very beautiful and tender vocal solo; a nearly life-size portrait of Dr. Priestley, from the Stuart orignal, a gift of the four sisters, graced the wall above the desk; while a few faithful people, descendants of earlier attendants at the church, showed their glad interest in the revival of the services. Neighbors and townspeople were there, too, Lutherans, Methodists, Presbyterians, and others with the Presbyterian minister himself, who in the morning had bidden all his people who could to come.

Friends had expressed the wish that Rev. H. D. Catlin, who was minister of the church from 1873 to 1877 and is now a resident of the town, should again serve them in that capacity. He accordingly conducted this opening service, and spoke what seemed to him the fitting word of the hour. It was sad, indeed, to recall the missing faces of more than thirty years before, yet pleasant, too, and reviving to believe that the mantles of the earlier generation rested still on shoulders younger, but worthy to bear them. The word was of friendly co-operation with the other churches, if such might be, with mutual respect for each other's differing opinions, conscientiously and thoughtfully held, and that not to the seven churches of Asia ever came a more solemn and impressive message than to these seven churches of Northumberland to stand bravely and faithfully together for the hastening of the coming of the kingdom of God.

In October next the church is to be formally dedicated to this new memorial use, with a special meeting of the Joseph Priestley Conference, and the hope is presently to add to, without supplanting, the use of the church as a place of worship, the feature, in such happy unison with the tastes and spirit of the founder, of a public library. For this general memorial purpose, funds are still needed, those already raised (almost wholly by the kindred and immediate friends) being more than exhausted, and appeal is now made not only to Unitarians, but to all in sympathy with the larger outlook and the ways of the spirit, to lend a hand for this achievement, sending their offerings to the treasurer of the American Unitarian Association in Boston. H. C. D.

THE MINISTERS' INSTITUTE

September 26-29

PROGRAMME

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 26.—8.00 P. M. Opening address by Pres. Merle St. Croix Wright, D. D., to be followed by Prof. George B. Foster of Chicago on "The Modern Problem of Religion."

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27—9.00 A. M. Devotional service led by Rev. John C. Perkins, D. D., of Portland, Maine. 10.00 Prof. Arthur C. McGiffert, D. D., of New York. Subject: "The Progressive Development of the Idea of God." 11.30 Prof. William W. Fenn, D. D., of Cambridge. "Spiritual Religion and Historic Theology" 3.30 P. M (1) Dr. Morton Prince of Boston. "Memory and Personality." (2) Prof. James H. Hyslop of New York. "Theories of Mind in the Light of Psychical Research." Discussion led by Rev. Howard N. Brown of Boston. 8.00 P. M. (1) Prof. Ephraim Emerton of Cambridge. "Anabaptism in Relation to Our time and All Time." (2) Prof. F. A. Christie of Meadville. "The Theology of Thomas Aquinas."

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28— 9.00 A. M. Devotional service led by Rev. Robert F. Leavens of Fitchburg, Mass. 10.00 Rev. George R. Dodson, Ph. D., of St. Louis, Missouri. "Elements of an Ideal Theology." 11.30 Prof. Clayton R. Bowen of Meadville. "The Present Christus Controversy in Germany." (Hat Jesus Gelebt?) 3.30 P. M. "A Message from India." Three twenty minute addresses by Prof. Heramba Chandra Maitra, president of the Sadharan Brahmo-Somaj of Calcutta; Prof. T. L. Vaswani, M. A., of Western India, and Promotho Loll Sen, editor of the New Dispensation, Calcutta. Discussion by Revs. J. T. Sunderland, Caleb S. S. Dutton and Charles W. Wendte, D. D. 8.00 Rev. Samuel M. Crothers, D. D., of Cambridge and Rev. W. Norman Guthrie of Sewanee will speak on "The Relation of Literature to Spiritual Life." Discussion opened by Rev. T. C. Williams of Boston.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29—9.00 A. M. Devotional service led by Rev. Harry Lutz of Newton (Channing Church). 10.00 Mr. John Graham Brooks of Cambridge. "A Present Practical Program of Social Reconstruction." 11.30 Mr. James P. Munroe of Lexington, Mass. "Lines on Social Advance." Discussion opened by Mr. W. M. Salter of Chicago. 3.30 P. M. (1) Rev. Henry C. DeLong of Medford. "Impressions of a Long Pastorate." (2) Rev. U. G. B. Pierce, D. D., of Washington. "The Art of Preaching." 8.00 "A Word to the Age" in four twenty minute addresses, by Rev. P. H. Cressey of Groton, Mass., Rev. Caleb S. S. Dutton of Brooklyn, N. Y., Rev. Edwin A. Rumball, Rochester, N. Y., and Rev. Edgar S. Wiers, Montclair, N. J.

NEW BOOKS

A LIFE FOR A LIFE—By Robert Herrick. New York: The Macmillan Co., 433 pp. price $1.50 net.

THIS is a book of intense dramatic motive, and many strongly written pages. But it is not a novel: very consciously it is an Allegory with all the mannerisms of symbolic artificiality which go with that old-fashioned method of fictitious writing, and the modern time has strong preference, if not for reality, at any rate for the atmosphere and verisimilitude of reality, which the allegorial method destroys. Mr. Herrick knows how to write good novels, but this time he preferred to do something else, and we are sorry.

For he presents here the factors of an exceptionally good novel, and one which might have been tremendously potent in behalf of the cause calling it forth. The assemblage of characters is remarkably notable: the young man going from farm-home to the city in search of a career, and buffetting with the peculiar temptations of success that assail him; the potent money-king of iron will and ignoble spirit; his more ignoble tools, the bank president and the college president, representing two different phases of modern commercialism; the very feminine heroine whom Mr. Herrick could have made very real and compelling if he had tried a bit harder; the Anarch, screechingly melodramatic and unreal as actually depicted, but within easy possibility of being a tellingly strong character, if the writer could have escaped his obsession of over-symbolism; many and many a time Mr. Herrick manifests rare gifts of character analysis and portrayal, only to spoil it all by some excess of allegorical artificiality following closely after. The plot of the story, also, is in outline, vivid, dramatic, absorbingly interesting, and ultimately genuine, but spoiled altogether by the overstress of a polemic purpose. In fact the whole unmaking of the book lies in a certain *strut* of high intention. Perhaps the writer did not consciously say to himself: "Go to, I will write the 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' of the Social Reform movement: I will create the 'Pilgrim's Progress' of the gospel of Social regeneration," but one cannot escape the impression that something like that gave direction to his ambition as he wrote.

The more's the pity. Mr. Herrick has manifestly a noble passion, and he has insight: his comprehension of the problem of modern social unrest is very valid; his sympathies have been generously stirred; the controlling motive of this book is rare in its pure idealism; as we have indicated, he has developed a plot with unusual sagacity, and peopled his pages with men and women who might easily have been made very interesting and very compelling: he has strong dramatic imagination; and his earlier books, particularly "Together" and "The Common Lot" show that he can write with artistic restraint and modern niceness of veracity. But here, because he abandons restraint and affects a form of literary artificiality uncongenial to the modern instincts of veracity, the book must fail to a large degree, to do the good or render the satisfaction for which it was destined.

THE COMING RELIGION—By Chas. F. Dole. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 200 p.

DR. DOLE has been so generous of utterance in the past that one can hardly expect a new volume from his pen to bring startling surprise of innovation in thought, or violent originality of theme. But every new volume brings a fresh delight of inspiration; and this last book has perhaps its chief value in that it presents a noble and uplifting gospel in brief, pellucid summary—the fine quintessence of his persistent message of thorough-going optimism and good will.

Of course, the chief charm of Dr. Dole's matter is its crystalline reality. An unmitigated idealist, a prophet of religion saturated through and through with spirituality, the almost astounding validity and genuineness of every word and sentence, never blurred by the "standardized" conventionalities and cants of the current dialect of religiousness gives singular value to all that he has to say. Little of his writing is negative; he is allured not at all by the temptations to say smart things of heresy, which so easily beset the modern liberal; he takes the noble side of liberalism easily for granted, and assumes seriousness of motive for all whom he addresses:—and yet his essential radicalism must be subtly

appalling to many a soul yet clinging to the skirts of traditionalism, for he makes no concealment of the utter logic of his conclusions.

The key-note of Dr. Dole's philosophy of the "Coming Religion" is *good will.* "The new message is a very bold one, and will not be received by everybody." One almost suspects the writer of a genial touch of irony here, when one reads what follows—at first seeming the most innocuous kind of platitude accepted by every body: yet, weigh it honestly, and see how startling it is!—"It is that this world in which we live is God's world; that, all appearances upon the surface to the contrary, goodness is at the heart of it and behind and before it." He gets quickly to the heart of his message when he says: "When I say that religion is reasonable, I do not deny the quality of mystery. This exists in myself and in every other self. But I say it is the mystery of light and not of darkness. Wherever we traverse it, reason keeps company with us, and never leaves us. I mean that there can be no lasting absurdity or contradiction in our universe; that we are still in the realm of order and unity; that no corner of it is given over to chaos; that all we see or know or feel gives us confidence that the order of beauty and fitness continue where we do not yet see." A little later he adds: "The field of religion is the whole wide universe. Religion belongs to the whole, and not to a corner marked 'supernatural.' Reverence is not to bow with closed eyes; it is to look up and admire and enjoy and be glad." "The very essence of religion," he says "is that a man belongs to something greater than himself, that his work and life count and are significant, along with all other creatures, in a mighty upward movement of progress." To sum it all up, in its practical dynamic of conduct as well as faith: "Let us say that the life of God is power, is consciousness and intelligence, is beauty and joy, is righteousness and justice, is good will or love. These are all so many forms of the One Life from which we all spring. Suppose now that a man uses power, is instinct with intelligence, marches with every prompting of duty, stands like Wordsworth or Thoreau entranced with the gladness of nature, thrills with love and gives his will to the good will that binds the stars and orders the nations. Suppose he thus opens his heart and mind wide for the flow of the manifold life of the Universe: this is religion."

And here, in nucleus, is the whole story of the modern conception of religion. It is no longer fretting itself over the problems of the higher criticism of the Bible; it is no longer trying to tinker over the old dogmas inhering in the postulates of supernaturalism, special revalations, and non-natural Christships, to hold on to their form and yet be rid of their hampering fetters. Dr. Dole simply transfers the realm of religion to another field of constructive reality:—*experience:* the experience of God in the soul, because of the Universe in the soul;—that is, ultimately, the soul's experience of itself in its loftiest realities. In various chapters Dr. Dole deals with specific aspects of faith as "The Proof of our Religion," "The Democratic Gospel," "The Experience of Religion," "Ethical Mysticism," "The New Thought of Prayer," "Christianity and Other Religions," "The Christocentric Idea," "The Modern Religous View of Evil" and similar topics. He takes pains to register his dissatisfaction with recent "Humanist" conceptions of God in these words: "I do not believe that any mind can remain content with the conception of a weak or finite or changing or growing God. One might pity but could never trust such a God;" and his chapter on the "Christocentric Idea," while containing a beautiful tribute to the ideal associated with the Man of Nazareth, leaves no possibility of doubt as to Dr. Dole's radical convictions regarding the place of a "Unique-exemplar" in modern religion. But as we have intimated, the book is remarkably free from any approach to the purely negative note. It is preeminently constructive, and we could hardly think of a more satisfying book of religion to give to one seeking for an interpretation of modern liberalism in its fundamental postulate of faith than this.

THE GOSPEL AND THE MODERN MAN—By Shaler Mathews, Professor of Historical and Comparative Theology in the University of Chicago. New York: The Macmillan Co., 527 pp., price $1.50 net.

DR. MATHEWS' title inevitably suggests comparisons with Dr. Dole's "The Coming Religion" which we have

just reviewed. Indeed, no more illuminative illustration of the contrasts of the manner of thought of the modern "liberal orthodox" thinker, and the apostle of thorough-going liberalism could be afforded than by comparison of these two books. Both are impressed by the need of readjustments of religious faith to meet the modern age. "The great demand of today" says Dr. Mathews, "is not for a manipulation of our inherited theology into some form more acceptable to our modern ways of thinking. It is rather for a frank disregard of inherited dogma, except by way of historical evaluation,"—and so far, we could all agree with him: his proposition is identical with that underlying Dr. Dole's book: but then he adds: "*and a return to the primitive gospel itself.*"

Why? The sole purpose of this book is to answer this question; to make good the validity of "the primitive gospel" as the deathless factor of man's spiritual well-being:—to fix beyond peradventure the necessity of the "historical event" in the eternal verity of religion. In other words, the method of this book is apologetic: it is an attempt so to reinterpret the old dogmatism, and so to re-establish the historic warrants of the old-time Christianity, that the modern man shall not be left naked and desolate in the woeful perils of modern radicalism. Dr. Mathews, in other words, spends the larger part of his 527 pages, not in "frank disregard of inherited dogmas," but in a serious endeavor either to explain them away, or reassert them in modern guise.

On the whole he has done his work remarkably well. His spirit is undoubtedly modern, on the whole, and he wears his handicap of "inherited dogma" with charming ease, all things considered. He divides his book into three parts: I. The Problem of the Gospel, which deals with the problems of Biblical criticism with restrained modernness, presents a very valid analysis of the habit of mind of the modern man, and finally sets forth the "content of the Gospel" in a fair and representative liberal-orthodox manner. Part II deals with the Reasonableness of the Gospel, and is frankly apologetic, in the theologian's sense of that word. "Jesus the Christ," the first chapter, is essentially the accepted view of the up-to-date "liberal-orthodox" man whom nobody must be rude enough to mistake for a Unitarian; "The Love of the God of Law," is wholesome and inspiring. "The Forgiveness of Sin" is the most unsatisfactory chapter in the book, being painfully crude and unmodern in substance and manner. "The Deliverance from Death" is plainly a limping exploit. Why do these modern semi-critics so easily give up the miracle of the virgin birth, yet cling so tenaciously to the miracle of the resurrection of Jesus? The one is as impossible as the other, as a physical happening; and the one as worthless as the other as a historical argument; and surely the legend of the virgin birth is much more beautiful and compelling in spiritual logic.

Part III deals with the Power of the Gospel, and here Dr. Mathews is at his best. Although the apologetic method still persists, the content of these chapters is rich and suggestive. While we cannot accept it all, we can respect it all; and we can accept in essential substance a very large part of it. The last chapter on The Power of the Social Gospel, is by all means the most worthy in the book. It has some noble tones, and is genuinely modern.

YET SPEAKETH HE—By Gertrude Capen Whitney, Boston: Sherman, French & Co.

I CHOOSE—By Gertrude Capen Whitney. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.

THESE two little books are saturated with a sweet tone of high idealism, and written with much tenderness of sentiment. Their method is that of the romantic allegory—a form too artificial to appeal to the average modern taste, and Miss Whitney's nicety of aspiration outruns her mastery of the literary art. Yet she uses language often to good effect; and her parables certainly have a noble message. In *Yet Speaketh He* a young man has become staggered by the problem of his mother's sacrifice of her life in a vain attempt to save a drowning child. Where was the good of it? In his attempt to find an answer not through logic, but through the consecration of his own life to a high ideal, comes his satisfaction. *I Choose* has for its theme the story of a poor serving girl struggling with a fine ambition that takes its measure not in worldly attain-

ment but in a wholesome ideal of service. Miss Whitney's style is often overwrought and more experience in writing may develop a restraint and simplicity of diction as well as freedom from a certain *falsetto* tone of sentimentality which will give her writings a wider appeal. The publishers have certainly presented these volumes in a very attractive form.

The *Hibbert Journal* for July has the usual array of contributing scholars and a group of articles which are in themselves notable. The leading contribution is "An Open Letter to English Gentlemen," summoning them to fulfill the high destiny in behalf of the British Empire to which they were born. The Principal of University College writes on "Woman Suffrage: A Review and a Conclusion." Prof. William James tells of "A Pluralistic Mystic" living in the town of Amsterdam, N. Y., who is too modest to force his system of philosophy upon a public otherwise interested. Prof. Jethro Brown, of Adelaide University, takes as his subject "The Message of Anarchy." Other essays in this rich number are "The Metaphysical Tendencies of Modern Physics," by Prof. Louis T. More, of the University of Cincinnati, "Bernard Shaw's Philosophy," by Prof. A. K. Rogers, of Butler College of Indianapolis, "Why Athanasius Won at Nicea," by Prof. E. Armitage, "Is Punishment a Crime," by C. J. Whitby, M. D., "The Comic," by John Jay Chapman, "Gains for Religious Thought in the Last Generation," by the late Prof. Borden P. Bowne, of Boston University.

AN EXPLANATION

It is with much reluctance that we feel impelled to publish the following statement of the reasons for the rupture between the editors and the publisher of *The Unitarian.* Our preference would have been to leave the issue with the kindly reticence of our first announcement; but circumstances now make it seem juster to our readers and to ourselves to tell the story in fuller detail, disagreeable as it is; and as it is a matter chiefly involving the relations of the original editor with the publisher this is made a personal statement over his name. With this recital our part in the controversy ends. We shall not refer to the matter again in these columns.

The Unitarian was started in 1906, not as a cold business proposition but as an "agreement between friends." We were so unbusinesslike at the start, indeed, that no agreement about ownership was entered into at all; so that Mr. Pruett's recent "editorial" pronouncement imitative of a legal document, with "said Badger"s and "said Pruett"s, was ridiculously uncandid. He was to print, and take whatever came through subscriptions for pay,—(a business man's risk which I presumed he would not have taken unless he expected the risk to prove worth while)—and I was to work up a subscription list, use my legitimate influence with the conference and my fellow-ministers in its behalf, issue all circulars required, giving much of the time of my secretary, as well as my own, to such details—*besides* doing a full man's work as editor in finding copy on a strictly gratuitous basis, with no thought or question of pecuniary profit myself. At a later time, a new state law, requiring the owner's name to be published (if I remember rightly), forced that matter to be defined; and still as an "agreement between friends," with no legal writing (no "said Badger"s and "said Pruett"s) at my immediate suggestion the ownership of the magazine was frankly put in Mr. Pruett's name, although from the first not only the full editor's responsibility, but much of the publisher's responsibility of "pushing the business" has fallen upon me. And it may well be stated here, that not only do I claim, but Mr. Pruett explicitly and in recent writing admits that in equity a half-interest in *The Unitarian* belongs to me, so that if sold, half the selling price would justly be mine.

From the start *The Unitarian* took capitally: there was no question about that. But *from all directions* came protests about bad printing, and I was made sick at heart for every issue that appeared. But I insisted that in a little while things would get better: a little more experience, new machinery, better income, etc., would make things right. *But they didn't,* as our readers know! To the very last I have been under constant pressure, the issue being put explicitly up to me that I was doing the denomination an injury in permitting so important a denominational organ, with the imprint of New York City, to be presented in so unworthy a form, and with such gross irregularity of publication. Meanwhile I had used all the persuasion with Mr. Pruett that I could, to make things better; had given him all the help within my power; had urged patience upon my friends,—and exercised a world of it, myself,—and gave him *four full years* in which to make good.

Then my patience broke. About the beginning of this year I wrote to Mr. Pruett in a man's straight fashion,—with absolute friendliness yet with explicit clearness stating my dissatisfaction with the situation, and my proposition which would make me as editor gain some control of the publishing part of the magazine. It was all put in tentative form ending with the suggestion that we get together and talk the matter out.

In this letter came also the proposition for

the augmentation of the editorial board, which did not, however, enter as a factor in the later controversy which led to our separation. Mr. Pruett's recent contention that the "socialistic views" of some of the associate-editors were part of the cause of our misunderstanding is absolutely uncandid.

Mr. Pruett's answer to my letter was not exactly nice, and further correspondence ensued which resulted finally in an agreement to leave the matter of ownership as it was till the end of the year, *on three conditions.* The nature of those conditions I will not here define, but I will be glad to furnish a full statement of the case with an explanation of what these conditions involved to any reader who remains to be convinced that our reasons for the final rupture were "imaginary" or inadequate. Enough to say that it was because Mr. Pruett failed to meet two of these conditions in a most exasperating way, and because his failure to keep them involved consequences of vital significance to the welfare of our enterprise, that the editors finally reached the conclusion that the situation had become impossible, and that our connection with Mr. Pruett must be terminated.

And this was the manner of termination: I wrote to Mr. Pruett, again, a perfectly friendly, straight-forward letter, stating that the editors had reached the conclusion that our relations must terminate with the end of the year; *that must be deemed final.* Such being the case, I said, would it not be greatly to his financial advantage to have the break come now? He had received the larger part of the subscription money of the entire year, which he could retain; while we would assume the cost of the issues of the rest of the year, (six months in all), and assume besides the full liability of the outstanding $10 bonds, amounting to about $400,— he in turn to relinquish to us the rights of the title. We could no longer work in sympathy; our relations, if continued, must be strained relations, and since they must terminate anyway in December, it seemed to me that he had everything to gain and nothing to lose by agreeing to separation now. Note, however, that this was presented simply as a *tentative proposition,* ending with the request that we get together and *talk things over, I* agreeing to pay his expenses as well as my own to a convenient place of conference. (Sidney is perhaps two hundred miles from New York, and awkwardly situated for direct communication.) Mr. Pruett's reply was a refusal to consider any proposition but a preposterous price of sale: whereupon I wrote again with an explicit review of the whole situation with a renewed request that we come together for personal conference, but an insistence that we could not pay his price, and could not comfortably continue relations with him on the old basis. Whereupon our publisher wrote refusing a personal review, and curtly presenting his alternatives—his price of sale, or my resignation as his editor. It took not a minute to decide what to do before such alternatives, and our circular of separation was published. That circular was made as explicit and yet as reticent as the circumstances seemed to demand. It set forth the essential fact, without entering into the unsavory scandal.

It is Mr. Pruett's contention that our action is forcing him into bankruptcy; let us take measure of the actual financial "wrong" we are doing him, even if our action is not justified. In his "editorial" pronouncement he scoffs at my tentative offer of $80 a month for printing as being "nominal," and wrote me that it would not pay the actual cost of manufacture. But on the basis of the subscription list submitted to me in January it appears that his average income from *The Unitarian* is not over $88.00, a month, with costs of mailing, addressing and wrapping, and incidental expense of collections and correspondence to be met, after printing is paid for. What sane business man in the world would pay $1200 for a business that does not net $5.00 a month profit? And what of the high-handed piracy of an intriguing editor, who having given his services gratuitously for four years to enable a publisher to amass an annual profit of possibly $150, now drives that outraged business man to bankruptcy simply by discontinuing his unpaid services, and exercising his free-man's right to use that unpaid service somewhere else! This "hard luck" story is not manly. The fact is, of course, that Mr. Pruett's *Unitarian* connection has enabled him to borrow money which he could not otherwise borrow, for the purchase on easy terms of machinery which he is using to profit in his other job-work, having had thereby at least two other profitable contracts,—one for the printing of another periodical, and one for the printing of an expensive school publication,—business which he may rationally extend if he is a good business man; so that the very small profit which comes from *The Unitarian* can be but a petty circumstance of income at present, and its future augmentation absolutely dependent on his finding an editor who will serve him without compensation.

I am sorry to make this recital so long: and very sorry that it must be made at all. I have persistently endeavored to be as just, and as patient and generous, in all dealings with Mr. Pruett as has been possible under very trying circumstances. It was my earnest desire that these matters be settled between us in personal conference, in man-to-man fashion, and I left their issue open to such a conference to the very last. I regret that Mr. Pruett chose another way. It is now our purpose to meet the obligation which, we feel, rests seriously upon us, of making the publication as staunchly and as strongly a power for good in the constituency that we serve as we can possibly make it—and in form and setting that shall be adequate and worthy for its high calling.

GEORGE H. BADGER.

New York Unitarian Headquarters.

September 1, 1910.

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New York Unitarian Headquarters

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---*Theodore Parker*

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